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CALIFORNIA
FOR THE
TOURIST
SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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27 1911

California

for the

Tourist

The Charm
of the Land
of Sunshine
By Summit
Sea and Shore

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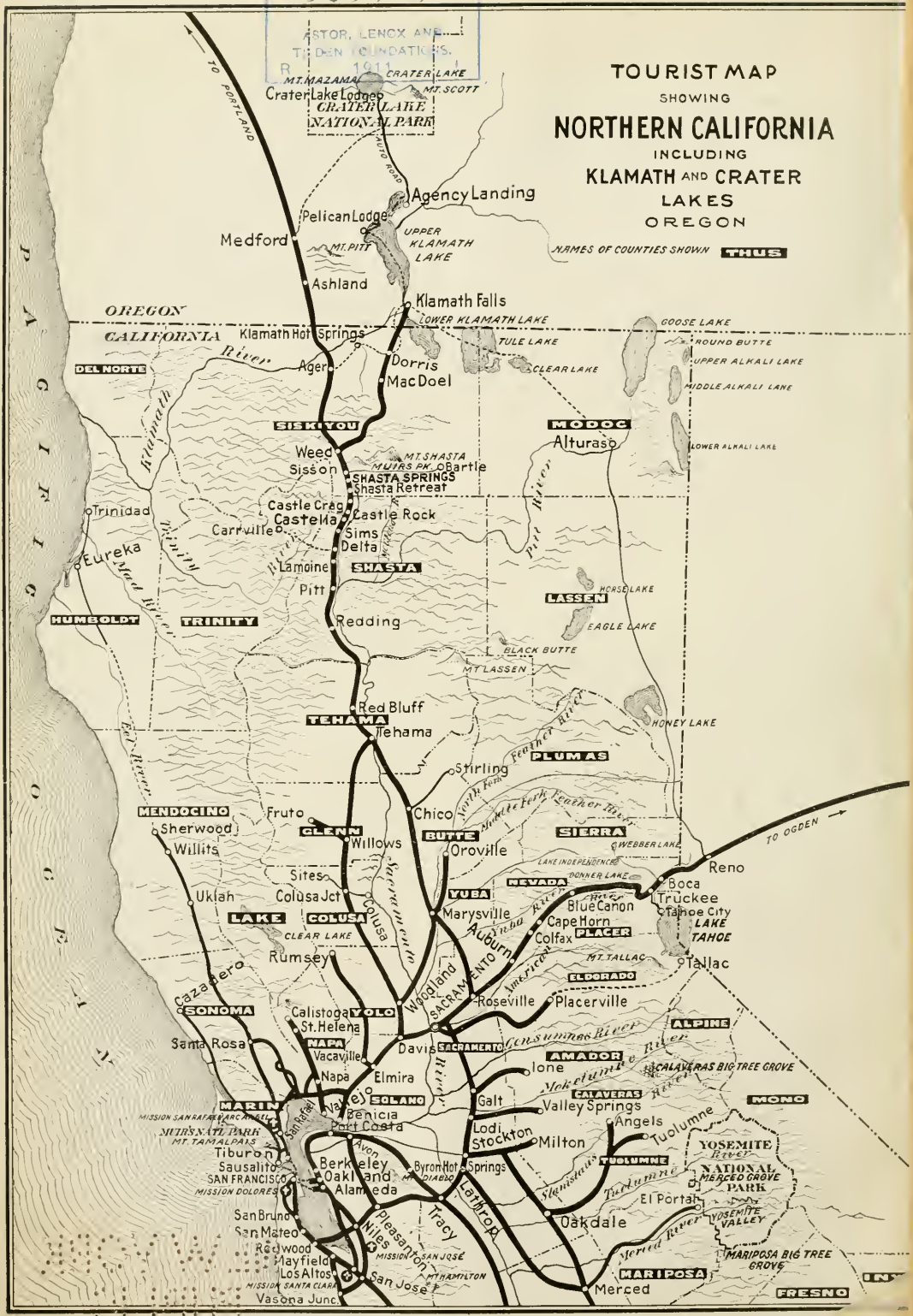


TOURIST MAP

Showing

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Names of Counties Shown THUS

Yosemite Falls reach the floor of Yosemite Valley in three leaps from a cliff half a mile in height.

California for the Tourist

THE charm of California is recognized across the traveled world. It is a charm not merely of attraction, but of persistence, often of compulsion. He who once comes within its influence usually returns, and often remains in permanent and willing fascination.

Climate, that will-o'-the-wisp that has led travelers in search of comfort or health a weary chase over many lands, comes closest to the ideal in California. Had the search of Ponce de Leon been for a climate of perpetual health rather than a fountain of eternal youth, success would have crowned his efforts could he have persevered to western shores.

The thousand miles of length of California, with the sea as one border and the mountains as another, the three hundred miles of varying topography between the borders—northward, where the state touches the region of the pine and fir; southward, where the palm is king—hold varieties of climate that are yet of strangely equable temperature, from the bracing airs of the seacoast, where the year finds an average of fifty-six degrees, to the drier airs of the inland valleys and the glorious climate of the mountains. The general average is about sixty-two degrees, though throughout the land may be found occasional touches of night frost, merely friendly nips, and at times the thermometer may reach ninety degrees at Los Angeles and, in the great central valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, close around the century mark, though the air is dry and the heat tolerable.

To briefly describe the climate is to announce the three hundred days of sunshine that make brilliant every year, to say nothing of the wonderful star-set, moonlit nights, with every day and night of the year such as to make outdoor living enjoyable. Charm to make one hasten westward from the sweltering summer to where cool sea-breezes play above gentle surf and sandy beach and whisper through shady boughs above clear watercourses. Charm to set one searching for summer clothes for winter wear in a land where December is known only by the calendar and where at Christmas and New Year's they throw roses instead of snowballs and wind up with an ocean dip as a cooler.

For the greater number of pleasure places, San Francisco is the natural center and has been so adopted, while for those of southern California, Los Angeles, round which they radiate, is made the hub.

The way to California is easy. From the Orient come palatial steamers; across the continent are two main highways, one following the trail of the pioneers, straight across the prairies and through the mountains to San Francisco by the Overland Route, the other through the Southland by way of New Orleans, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, to Los Angeles and San Francisco—the Sunset Route. The Shasta Route, by Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, connects with the northern lines and, via Vancouver and Victoria, with the Canadian Pacific. Along all roads run perfectly appointed trains and their prototypes are on the tributary roads that envein the state and make its travel a part of the charm of California.

San Francisco and Its Environs

On the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, nineteen hundred and ten, a humming-bird made fiesta amid the geraniums in the window boxes of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. There is an object-lesson on winter climate. In the summer evenings furs and coats are appreciably necessary to motorists in the glorious Golden Gate Park and along the ocean boulevard. So much for the summer weather. On New Year's Day the members of the Olympic Club, young and old, jog leisurely out to near the Cliff House and plunge into the surf, not out of bravado, but from pleasant custom. The temperature of the surf on that day is usually about sixty degrees. In summer the temperature averages in July fifty-seven degrees, in June fifty-six, in August fifty-eight and in September and October, warmest months of the year, sixty degrees. For thirty years the mean temperature shows sixty degrees, with a greatest variation in the same period of eighteen degrees.

Summer in San Francisco, with the sea-breeze blowing through the city from ocean to bay, when in other cities the pavements and walls are as the sides of an oven, when those who stay in town are miserable from hot working-days and breathless, sleepless nights, when amusements languish and soda-fountains flourish on the sales of alluring but deceitful comforts; is a season of delight. The attractions that have left dark the New York theaters, give San Francisco mid-year programs that are far better than those of any American city. There is no fresh-air fund needed, no ice famine is existent, nor is sleeping on the house-tops necessary.

The banking district and commercial center of San

California as a winter resort hardly needs heralding, but its midsummer attractiveness is less widely known. Many great conventions are held now in the state, as its climatic pleasures are told by those who have enjoyed them.

The great majority of tourists to California enter it from east of the Rocky Mountains by the Overland Route, straight across plains and mountains, following the old westward trails of the pioneers and the Mormons. The lines of steel are halted by the waters of San Francisco Bay, here three miles in width. To avoid a long southern detour around the head of the bay, the train, leaving the prosperous city of Oakland, rail terminal of the Overland Route, goes to sea on a pier that stretches for a mile into the deep waters of the bay.

At the pierhead waits a commodious ferry. Two miles away, San Francisco piles up impressively on its hundred hills that even at this distance bristle with the tall buildings of the business section. At night the lights twinkle a cheery welcome across the water, while the passing craft with their reflected electrics seem like fairy craft. To the eastern visitor, the vast harbor, a sea-filled valley with its mountain tops rising as islands from its depths and forming an undulating rim about it, the terraced cities of the shore, the craft of all sizes, shapes and variations that ply its waters, a Chinese junklet crossing the bows of a lateen-rigged Genoese fishing-boat; the blue sky above, the bluer waters beneath, the gulls that navigate the clear windroads between them; hold an emphatically foreign suggestion. On sunny days, for San Francisco has an average of three hundred days of sunshine every year, the white cities, verdant hills, tree-set many of them, others gilded in the sun or purple in the shade; bring memories of Mediterranean travel.

Francisco looking to the northeast toward the bay.

The Cliff House, built into the verge of the land-rock, overlooks the Seal Rocks, where sea-lions disport.

Here centers the commerce of the Orient, the Arctic, the South Seas and the South Western Americas. Great factories line the deep-water shores north of Oakland and their products are shipped around the earth. Here visit the navies of a dozen flags; at fête times San Francisco's streets see the stalwart sailors and marines of Great Britain, Germany, Holland, France, Italy, Japan and America in friendly rivalry of parade. The mercantile shipping displays the bunting of the world's waterways; its cargoes suggest the naming of the Golden Gate from the wealth of the argosies that pass through it rather than the glory of the western sky behind it, as seen from shore at sunset.

The Golden Gate has an entrance that is a mile in width, and through its straits a powerful current ebbs and flows so strongly that at Sacramento, a hundred and thirty miles away up the Sacramento River, there is a tidal rise and fall of several inches. The inland sea, for such it really is, stretches north and south in two great arms, the northern being again divided by the narrow but deep Straits of Carquinez into two sections. The water area covers more than two hundred and fifty miles, of which a tenth is in the immediate vicinity of San Francisco, lying as it does at the head of the long peninsula that backs the southern portal of the gate; and is used as anchorages, exclusive of seven miles of fairways Forty square miles more of anchor ground are available close by in San Francisco Bay, in the southern arm and in the northern stretches.

Angel Island holds the quarantine camps and hospital. Fort McDowell is here too, a reminder that all round the harbor, on either side the entrance and back in the Presidio of San Francisco, are hidden guns capable of dropping death with precision in mapped-out squares that stretch beyond the sea horizon.

At Belvedere are many bungalows clinging to the hillside, a wealthy and somewhat exclusive community where luxurious power-launches rest at private wharves below. Close by, from Sausalito, where whalers, Russian and otherwise, once refitted, issues every summer holiday a fleet of white-winged yachts on racing or pleasure bent about the bays, up the Sacramento River, or perhaps out to the open sea. Houseboats are plentiful hereabout and in the Rivieran climate are year-round residences.

Far up the straits beyond Alcatraz Island the eye travels toward the Golden Gate, with its lighthouse marking the channel and often pointed out to uncertain eyes as an incoming ship. There is usually a large vessel in the gate, either a mail steamer or a transport from the Orient, passing independently in or out, a big steam freighter or tall-masted ship, breaking out or furling canvas as the fussy tug sets her on her venture or tows her to a home harborage.

In half an hour the ferry is close under the clock tower of the Ferry Building, the water-gate of San Francisco and Overland depot of the Southern Pacific. This is a graceful, colonnaded structure at the foot of Market Street, the Broadway of San Francisco, leading straight from the waterfront to the Twin Peaks that dominate the city from the west.

San Francisco from the water is imposing. The varying sky-line of the hill city is accentuated by the tall buildings of the business section, graceful, tower-like edifices many of them. Telegraph Hill, the local shanty town, is picturesque with the homes of the Italian quarter and beyond, on "Nob" Hill, are the stately residences of the wealthy, back of the palatial Fairmont Hotel that gleams in white stone as a conspicuous landmark. Funnels and masts fringe the waterfront between the

The St. Francis, one of San Francisco's famous hotels, opposite Union Square, is in the very heart of the city.

big wharves, and the water-line itself has been pushed back several blocks' width by the imperative growth of commerce. Situated as it is at the head of a peninsula, civic demands insist on artificial widening, while the increasing population stretches southward into the beautiful back country.

San Francisco city lies not at the Golden Gate itself. Looking at one's right hand, the parted thumb represents capitally the peninsula and the city proper lies well along the right side of the nail, though stretching by park and boulevard and golf links across the outer edge, where stands the famous Cliff House by the Seal Rocks. The upper nail edge is largely occupied by the Presidio, where coast artillery, cavalry and infantry await orders and alarms.

There is nothing ephemeral about San Francisco; it has the air of the greater cities of the world, something of gravity, much of beauty. Thirty thousand acres are covered by the city, which has eight hundred miles of streets and two hundred and fifty miles of street-railway. In 1775, here was a drowsy Spanish pueblo clustered about the Mission Dolores, founded in that year by Padre Palva, and the Presidio, occupied by the Spanish military escort of the priests. The Mission in those days was a long ride over the sandhills from the waterfront; today it still stands on the fringe of the business district, adobe-walled, tiled as of old, its roof timbers yet held together by the rawhide thongs above the walls that retain the crude but vigorous decorations of Indian converts. As for the Presidio—that the Spaniards and Mexicans held until 1836 as military headquarters, when the United States assumed ownership. In 1858 the population of San Francisco was somewhere near forty thousand; today it is half a million.

It is a proud but not haughty city, San Francisco; proud of its achievements and showing that pride in its fine streets, splendid buildings and excellent institutions. Climate affecting character, the only fault ever seriously found with San Francisco, was the suggestion that its inhabitants always felt so vigorous they continually overworked and overplayed and only the great salubrity of the place kept up an average longevity. Climate has set its stamp upon the architecture. The buildings are stately in white stone and marble, classical designs of column and frieze about towers that rise many stories skyward in perpendicular beauty. Individuality is marked, but the effect is not bizarre but emphatically beautiful. From Nob Hill, looking southward, the panorama of San Francisco will not lightly be forgotten.

As the hub of many short excursions of delight, aside from being the metropolis of the Pacific slope and coupled with the attractiveness of its climate, San Francisco is a city of many hotels and famous ones. The Palace has been as well known in its way as Shephard's at Cairo or the Cecil at London. Time was when it was the big hotel of the city; now the Fairmont on the hill and the St. Francis, facing Union Square, in the very center of things civic; share the glories of the Palace as places containing the last achievements for comfortable splendor. There are hundreds of hotels in the city, suiting all pretensions and purses, but all new, all modern, capable of accommodating fifty thousand guests.

The edible side of things is never to be despised and San Francisco has ever been famous for the tempting bills-of-fare displayed by its restaurants and hotels and for the way its chefs prepare them. With the land growing delicious fruits and vegetables at first hand that are elsewhere secured, either after maturing on their journey, or canned; with the sea swarming with delectable fishes; it is no hard matter to acquiesce in the enthusiasm of epicures for San Francisco menus.

The Fairmont, on a high hill that overlooks the bay, and the Palace, down-town, are notable for their luxuriant comfort.

It remains only to decide upon styles of cooking and in California they are many. Aside from the famous chefs at the big hotels, here are French restaurants noted for famous dishes; Italian restaurants where the mysteries and methods of eating ravioli, spaghetti and taglierini are solved; Chinese restaurants where one can order as if in Canton; restaurants Spanish, Greek and Japanese, all of them good, many of them famous. Here, too, can and should be acquired the patriotic and excellent taste for drinking wines of Californian vintage. All the large restaurants have orchestras with excellent leaders, for San Francisco prides itself upon its taste in matters musical, remembering its early appreciation of La Boheme the opera and Tetrazzini the prima donna, before either had been acclaimed by the world at large. The hours from dinner until after the last post-theater party has departed, are always busy with a brilliant Bohemianism in San Francisco cafés, from Sanguinetti's on the waterfront to the ivory and gold rooms of the big hotels, where are Paris gowns and Paris hats and the friendly rivalry of the socially elect.

As a pleasure-loving citizen, the native son of the Golden Gate is of the first water. Parades, marathons, aviation and motor meets, racing and sport of any kind, holidays and any excuse for letting off superfluous vitality never go a-begging. On New Year's Day in California laughing crowds in summer dress play at snowballs with roses, and in San Francisco on New Year's Eve the streets and hallways are deep in confetti drift, crowds waltz and two-step on the avenues, every café is entwined with rainbows of serpentine, while laughter and cordial greetings drown even the noise of the cowbells that hideous custom has made the inevitable accompaniment of holiday *charivari.* That is the reason conventions flock to California, why aviation records are broken here, why "California's welcome to the fleet" is still a wardroom word on the ships of all navies, why, in April, 1910, over four million dollars were subscribed for the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 in less than three hours.

It is vigorous, this spirit of enthusiasm; it infects the most casual visitor with the desire to see and do and then provides the entertainment. The zest of carnival never entirely dies between celebrations.

The lofty buildings of Market Street make it a cañon of shade on one side, sunshine on the other, swarming with the gay throng, strolling, shopping. Continual performance theaters invite with orchestrions and glimpse of moving pictures from within; flower-venders make brilliant patches of perfumed color; the street is awhir with cars and automobiles; big sightseeing motors megaphone their way out to the Cliff House and the park—the whole a brilliant panorama of life, energy, enjoyment. At night electrics that rival Broadway emphasize the scene.

San Francisco's shopping district parallels that of any world city from cotton prints to imported gowns, from dimity to diamond necklaces. It has excellent theaters and shares with New York all the successes. In the summer the bills show greater attractions from closed houses in the East than any American city, while at the beautiful Greek Theater at Berkeley when Sarah Bernhardt in *Phedre* or Maude Adams in *As You Like It* by moonlight, enchant the *alfresco* audiences; there is a sensation found, a dramatic note reached, that are unique. Libraries, museums, art schools, government buildings, all furnish their share of entertainment. The social life is brilliant and hospitable, the clubs numerous, including the famous Bohemian Club with its coterie of artists, musicians and men of letters and its annual pageants in a redwood grove; the Olympic Club, of large mem-

The house of the Claremont Club across the bay is embowered in foliage and bloom the year round.

bership, devoted to athletes and those of athletic tendencies. Besides are the aristocratic Pacific-Union, the Army and Navy, the University, the Family, the Press, the Cosmos, the Century, Town and Country, the California for women and the Sequoia for both sexes on the lines of a miniature Bohemian Club, the Spinners, the Sketch and the Sorosis, all dedicated to workers in the arts.

The country clubs have done much for golf in California, though again the climate deserves first credit. Given the opportunity of playing the year round under ideal conditions, it is no wonder the enthusiast has improved his opportunities. San Francisco offers many opportunities for the sport. The San Francisco Country Club has excellent links at Ingleside, just over the county line. In many respects they are ideal, being well covered with springy turf along the fair greens, from which the golfer views the majestic ocean. On the Presidio reservation the golfer will find an eighteen-hole course in full view of Golden Gate and the ocean, that for beauty of scene and artificial and natural hazards is unequaled in California. All the spring and early summer, wild iris, golden California poppies, larkspur and lupine, Johnny-jump-ups and violets, turn the slopes to carpets of scented bloom, while the cry of "Fore," or the speeding balls, disturb the plover and the meadowlarks. Across the bay at Claremont in the Berkeley hills the Claremont Club, possessing possibly the most beautiful clubhouse and grounds in all the country, is a course promising rewards to the steady player but dire disaster to he or she who fails to play straight. Here are holes that lay invitingly direct from the tee adown an avenue, tree-set and ditch-guarded, hidden roads and slopes to negotiate where hanging lies may complicate the closest match. At San Rafael and adown the peninsula are well-kept courses at the Burlingame and Menlo Park country clubs, all easily reached from the city.

Other sports, naturally, have their place at these clubs, blue-rock shooting, polo and tennis. At the latter sport California is distinguished in sending out May Sutton, Myrtle Hotchkiss, McLaughlin and Long to successfully demonstrate the quality of western racket-wielders. The excellent public courts in Golden Gate Park are daily upbuilding material for champions. With several organizations and leagues, San Francisco has first-class year-round baseball, while the two universities of Stanford and Berkeley (University of California) furnish football and field sport of no mean order.

Yachting is naturally a favorite pastime in the great harbor and the rivers that flow into it—the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. The yacht clubs gather about Sausalito and Belvedere, accompanied by a houseboat colony. Sea and river-fishing come naturally to water-lovers and about San Francisco it is excellent, with quinnat and dog salmon in May and September out at sea, about the bay and up the rivers; striped bass in plenty in the estuaries and deltas, steelhead and seatrout, rock-cod and, up the rivers, black bass. Numerous coast streams have good trout-fishing for steelhead and rainbow, particularly in the early part of the season. There are several hunting clubs that control trout streams, deer parks and quail coverts in Marin County and there are many preserved places where the hunter can fill his larder. The bay and the rivers form a great duck country, many varieties breeding here, and it is hard to find better sport than hereabout. Geese, plover and snipe fill the list. Much of the best territory is held by clubs, but there is plenty of good land and water that is open to the public.

In an every-day-in-the-year climate, motoring is bound to be in the ascendant,

In Chinatown the dwellers therein carry on their occupations as if they had never crossed from Cathay to California.

from the fear-despising speed-maker on the motorcycle to the many horse-powered road machine. There are several clubs which look out for motoring interests, including the setting up of signs, issuance of maps and preservation of roads. San Francisco is at the northern end of the famous King's Highway (El Camino Real) of Old California and it here begins with a fine boulevard, where the civic speed limits are raised. There is another splendid speeding way leading from Oakland and, radiating every way but westward, where lies the bay, are good roads, tree-shaded, well-graded, leading by sea and river and lake, hill and dale, woodland and meadow to the best of automobile outings. Racing has its devotees and there are frequent meets at Tanforan and Ingleside.

To the merely casual tourist, San Francisco, outside of theaters, stores and restaurants, offers three distinct centers for visitation that should not be overlooked: Chinatown, the waterfront, sometimes yclept the Barbary Coast, and Golden Gate Park, with the Cliff House, the Seal Rocks and the ocean boulevard.

Chinatown itself is divided, like Gaul, into three parts, all of which differ in manners, customs and laws: the stores for Occidental custom, where bland and educated Orientals allow the tourist to exploit his pidgin-English and forbear, for commercial reasons, from unveiling their own fluency; the native life of the little city within a city that is also for commercial reasons, for John Chinaman knows the value of advertising, partly unveiled to the curious; and the real, effectually hidden life of this Canton of California, guessed at by zealous missionaries, hinted at by writers, but still mysterious with its zenanas of small-footed women, its intrigues of policy and religion, all well controlled, mind you, and dealt with according to Chinese wisdom, in no way disturbing the ways of the rest of the city.

What shall be said of this corner of Cathay? It is to be visited, not described. It lies next to the Italian quarter, close to Portsmouth Square, once known as the plaza. Here was the American flag first raised by Captain Montgomery of the Portsmouth, sloop-of-war. Here the Vigilance Committee administered frontier justice when in the days of '49 it was the center of the pueblo. Today, Chinese children in costumes gayer than butterflies play tag across the green. Before them, on Kearny Street, lies the American Hall of Justice, behind, the pagoda-like buildings of the teahouses and temples.

The bazaars of Chinatown are on Dupont Street, which changes its name from Grant Avenue as it leaves the aristocratic shopping district of downtown San Francisco. Here the carved timbers and tiled roofs of China are reproduced in cast-iron by the American architect and the results, brilliant in green and red and gilding, are extremely effective, hung as they are with enormous lanterns.

There is a large Japanese community in the city, but so quickly does the man from Chrysanthemum land assimilate our dress and customs, that there is little characteristic about the colony outside of the contents of the stores. Far more picturesque is little Italy, next to Chinatown, and a part of the trip to the "Barbary Coast." Here goats browse on the steep slopes of the streets and vine-clad cottages cling precariously to Telegraph Hill, while the soft language transports one to a far-off land where skies are as blue but dollars far less frequent.

Barbary Coast, like the threshold of all seaports, is somewhat noisy within the doors of the restaurants, generally Italian, and other refreshment places. Here the loiterer and dweller of the waterfront is at his ease and should you invade his domain you must not expect to change his customs.

The Japanese Tea-Garden. A delightful nook in the wonderful Golden Gate Park.

In 1870, work that seemed to the onlooker a hopeless task, was commenced among the desolate, wind-blown sandhills that lie between San Francisco and the sea. Here were 1,140 acres of as dreary shore as ever disheartened a shipwrecked mariner, to be turned into a great park and pleasure-ground. Only a scanty fringe of sunburned grasses showed here and there, where now tropical plants grow all the year round and shrubbery and trees of every clime border sparkling lakes and shade stretches of broad avenue. Climate did it, climate and water and John MacLaren, superintendent and man of taste, energy and enthusiasm.

One arm of the park, appropriately named the Panhandle, reaches into the heart of the residence district from the park proper, which radiates about Strawberry Hill, covered with pines and cypress, and circled by Stow Lake—artificial, as is all the Chain of Lakes, but none the less beautiful. The lake is isleted and bridged and here is the Japanese teahouse set in its quaint garden, a tiny piece of transported Tokyo. From the summit of Strawberry Hill the panorama is magnificent across the park to Mount Tamalpais and the Golden Gate, beyond Lone Mountain and its cross, to the Berkeley Hills and over the city to Mount Diablo. Seventeen miles of driveways are here, with jungles of flowers, cultivated, and the wild blooms of California, brightening the glades beneath the trees, all laid out in gracious lines that suggest rather the most fertile of landscapes turned skilfully into a park than a wilderness reclaimed. Here come all ages, children, happy lovers, parents and grandparents. All have their diversions. There is a children's playground fitted out with many things to keep them happy while healthy. For the athlete, has been built the largest stadium in America, and a recreation ground for general games, besides the ever-popular tennis-courts. A great grizzly bear and his family live contentedly in their pits, buffalo and deer graze in open paddock, the aviary is lively with brilliantly feathered birds, and the conservatory has rare varieties of orchids and exotic plants. The great stone music stand is every week the magnet for enthusiastic crowds. In front of it is a plantation of one tree from every state in the Union. The Museum has many exhibits of great interest and value, including historical reminders of the days of '49, a colonial exhibit, a fine collection of Indian baskets, many excellent pictures and specimens of archaeology, ethnology and natural history. Set all about, as one strolls, drives, rides along the bridle paths or speeds in a motor along the driveways to the ocean boulevard, are many interesting statues to Burns, to Goethe, to Garfield and many others.

High on a hill a stone cross stands against the sky, set there to commemorate the landing of Sir Francis Drake, English adventurer, who dropped the anchor of his good ship the *Golden Hind* in a nearby bay when, as duly set down in the log on June 17, 1579, his chaplain, Samuel Fletcher, read the ritual of the Church of England. Reprovisioned and repaired, laden with gifts from friendly Indians, Sir Francis sailed from "Drake's Bay" on July 22, 1579, with Plymouth Rock forty years in the foreground and two hundred years before the Mission of San Francisco de Asis was erected. Children and grown-ups too, take great delight in sailing model yachts and toy boats on the lakes and hold annual regattas there, as do the fly-fishermen casting tournaments. On the ocean edge of the park, close by two mighty windmills that pump the necessary water, lies at rest the good ship *Gjoa*, the small craft in which Amundsen made the Northwest Passage. It fronts on the ocean boulevard, its bowsprit pointing to the sea it has forsworn.

Mount Tamalpais and Belvedere, one of the social communities within its shadow. Alcatraz Island lies midway between Belvedere and San Francisco.

The ocean boulevard runs for five miles parallel with the surf that here breaks on firm sands that are favorite picnic grounds and paddling waters. At one end is the latest edition of the famous Cliff House, substantially set into the rock and overlooking the Seal Rocks, where big sea-lions gambol in the surf or sun themselves on the ledges. Here is a terrace just above the spray, while the windows of the dining-rooms look out far across the Pacific and diners eat to softly-played melodies while the western sky flames up and dies as the sun-god sinks Chinaward. Close by, too, are Sutro Heights, where the Italian gardens of a millionaire are open to the public. Below them are Sutro Baths, the largest in the world, where the sea-water comes in to the great plunge fresh from the ocean just outside the glass walls and is tempered to any degree desired.

The boulevard stretches southward and is never lonely, day and night, sunshine and moonshine. Motorists speed along to the southern end and turn inland over its smooth surface by Ingleside and the golf links down San Mateo way toward the Burlingame Country Club or the fine Peninsula Hotel, or along the beautiful lakes of San Francisco's water system; riders and owners of speedy horses share the driveway or cool hoofs in the edge of the surf. There are wayside inns here for entertainments and refreshment, unique in character and design.

The Presidio reservation lies on the northern edge of the Peninsula, forming one buttress of the Golden Gate. Old Fort Winfield Scott still stands, once magnificent in Civil War times, now obsolete and replaced by disappearing guns that hide along the bluffs on both sides of the straits. This was once the farm of Fremont the Pathfinder and now is the resting and recruiting ground for the troops that hold our oversea possessions. The Presidio is well timbered and commands a fine landscape. The drive through is often made more interesting by the sight of a squad being instructed in field services.

From these seaside journeys, Tamalpais across the gleaming waters lures with its suggestions of green and purple coolness. It is one of the many readily-reached day trips from San Francisco and should not be foregone.

Mount Tamalpais is in Marin County, directly north from San Francisco. Its name is derived from the Tamal Indians, the "Country of the Tamals." All about the lower slopes of the mountains, where bungalows snuggle in the shady places, are found the midden heaps and the burial-mounds of this aboriginal tribe, a race of giants, judging by the bones and weapons discovered from time to time. The mountain itself is verdure covered to its summit, with characteristic California growths of madrone and oak, laurel and pine, manzanita and chaparral, with much lower growth of flower and fern. Halfway up is a fine grove of redwoods named after John Muir, author-naturalist, and lately given to the government as a forest reserve. A good road reaches the summit and on every holiday this is a delight for young men and maidens, who climb the shady paths to the tavern at the top and view the glorious panorama of sea and bay, mountain and shore, with San Francisco and her sister cities in plain view.

For those who would reach the top, twenty-six hundred feet up, in less laborious fashion, there is a railway, "the crookedest in the world," which climbs and twists amid the trees to the tavern. Here there are excellent accommodations overnight for those who wish to see the sun rise, or the moon set. One spur of this line runs into the redwoods, where a tiny stream reflects in broken fashion the boles of the mighty Sequoias which have stood for two, perhaps three, thousand years.

Oakland's commercial importance is heightened by its fine waterfront, where rail and water meet.

At the foot of the mountain, among the cañons and valleys, along the shore by the outlet of the streams, on pleasant oak-shaded knolls, dwell many of San Francisco's suburbanites. San Rafael is the principal center, with a climate of its own, always balmy.

Trips about the great arms of the bay by steamer offer interesting variety. It requires special permission, easily obtained from the authorities, to land upon Alcatraz, with its lighthouse and military prison, Angel Island, with Fort McDowell and the quarantine establishment, and Goat Island, where the fine building and parade ground make an ideal place for the naval training school. The boats of the young sailors are often seen close to the track of the ferries as the boys learn practically how to reef and sail and steer. Mare Island Navy-Yard is open to visitors without special permit. It is at the northern end of San Francisco Bay and is reached by several steamer lines and by rail via Vallejo. Here battleships coal and repair, refit for new cruises or rest from old ones. Everything can be done here in the way of outfitting. There are mighty cranes and capacious drydocks, battleships, cruisers, transports, torpedo-boats and submarines, the whole place alive with the vigor and color of naval operation. Here is the old wooden-walled *Independence*, now used as a receiving station for outgoing and incoming sailors. The yards themselves have many relics of old-time fighting apparatus set about the lawns and walks.

Passing the Navy-Yard, the boats of the Southern Pacific continue up the Sacramento River as far as the capital city, Sacramento, between the fertile orchards that lie behind the protecting dykes. This country has been appropriately styled the Netherlands of America and the trip is one of great interest. The river has a life of its own with the stern-wheel steamboats, flat-bottomed schooners loaded with hay, boats and launches of the Sicilian fishermen out for salmon, striped bass and shad; power-launches, houseboats, yachts and the big dredgers that build the protecting levees behind which lie the fertile orchards. The scenery is characteristic and beautiful, the banks being often clothed with verdure of wild grapevines clinging to tall trees, and the trip can be made from Sacramento to San Francisco or vice versa by daylight. It is a delightful way of breaking an overland journey, all first-class tickets being good on the steamboats.

San Francisco has sister cities on the bay of much commercial and social importance—Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda. They are all on the mainland and contiguous, Oakland being the land terminal of the transcontinental lines to San Francisco. Between these cities, themselves most effectively served by local train service, and San Francisco, the ferries ply continually.

Oakland, the handsome city that is the Brooklyn of the Pacific Coast, was originally a great park of oak-shaded glades. Today it is a city of great present prominence and promise with a population of over a quarter of a million. It has important manufacturing and commercial interests. Besides its valuable railroad connections it has a fine deep-water harbor, land-locked, six miles in length, on its southern side; fifteen miles of waterfront on its eastern shore, with its estuary and basin for vessels of deep draft and their shores adapted for extensive shipbuilding operations. The county has great resources and Oakland will share with San Francisco the great destiny ahead of the larger cities of the Pacific Coast. Oakland's position invites growth with its water frontage and its location against a great amphitheater of hills. Socially it is a city of prominence. Aside from

its fine churches and schools, its ideal climate and picturesque environment have attracted the home-builder and many fine residences are the dwellings of those whose business interests lie both sides of the bay. Oakland gardens are beautiful with flowers and trees, all climes giving contribution to the gardener's skill. Close to the civic center is Lake Merritt, where yachts and other pleasure craft disport beneath the windows of the city. A magnificent boulevard carries the motorist swiftly and smoothly into the countryside, miles of which have become populous and gathered into a continuous suburbanism of Oakland.

Closer toward the Oakland hills, clustering about the University of California, is Berkeley. The college occupies an ideal site and is an emphatic factor in California's educational and social life. Its plans are not all completed and the scheme when finished will have involved the expenditure of fifty millions of dollars. Mrs. Phebe Hearst has been the chief benefactress of the college. William Randolph Hearst's generosity made possible the beautiful Greek Theater, seating ten thousand people. It is modeled after the Greek Theater of Epidaurus, called the most "beautiful theater in the world." Here the plays of Sophocles and Euripides are reproduced by the students and concerts given in the open air. Bernhardt played *Phedre* here May 17, 1906, inspired by the perfection of her surroundings. The University has affiliated colleges of medicine, dentistry, law and art in San Francisco and an astronomical department on Mount Hamilton at the Lick Observatory. The present wealth of the college is very great and it is absolutely without limit of sex, a university in the real meaning of the word. Stanford University at Palo Alto, down the peninsula, follows the same plan generally, while limiting its number of women students. The grounds, bounded with clustering oaks, are left in much of their natural beauty, looking straight into the sunset and the Golden Gate. This beauty is shared by the many who have chosen Berkeley as their residence and who have added to first-hand resources a wealth of shade and flowers. Everything grows all the year round here. High walls are covered with masses of vivid geraniums, roses are everywhere, palms thrive, and there are avenues of bananas. The whole section has a distinct air of refinement and social dignity. It extends well back into the Piedmont Hills, tree-crowned, flower-carpeted.

Alameda is separated from Oakland only by tide-lands and is a chosen place of residence, having a climate quiet and warm in the sunshine that is present when localities more exposed to the ocean are fog-swathed or wind-whipped. It is actually an island, with the bay on the south and Oakland estuary on the north. Here are fine beaches, boat clubs, hot and cold water bathing and the carrying on of many aquatic and athletic sports. It has fine civic buildings and enterprises and is a desirable and attractive place to live in.

The Klamath Country and Crater Lake

RADIATING from San Francisco, the most northerly point of tourist interest lies on and across the boundary of the state, the Klamath Region; meaning the country in the neighborhood of the Klamath lakes in Siskiyou and Modoc counties of California and Klamath County, Oregon. Government irrigation works and the fertility of the land are opening up the region, but most of it is still the wilderness, unknown, untrailed, a region wild and romantic, full of charm of mountain and forest, clear streams and broad lakes. The towns are on the verge of the wild, forests reach the margin of the lakes, fish leap and water fowl gather as they did in Indian days before the last great battle was fought with the Indians in the lava-beds, an epic of frontier warfare, and the tribes subdued and controlled in their peaceful reservation, where Klamaths and Modocs now dwell in amity if not entire contentment.

The schoolhouse and the Indian farmhouse built by Indian carpenters have replaced the wigwam and the council fire; old Fort Klamath, once a frontier post, is in ruins, and hotels have replaced barracks; but the wilderness still remains, though the railroad has come to the edge of its fastnesses and steamboats usurp the waterways once known only to the canoe.

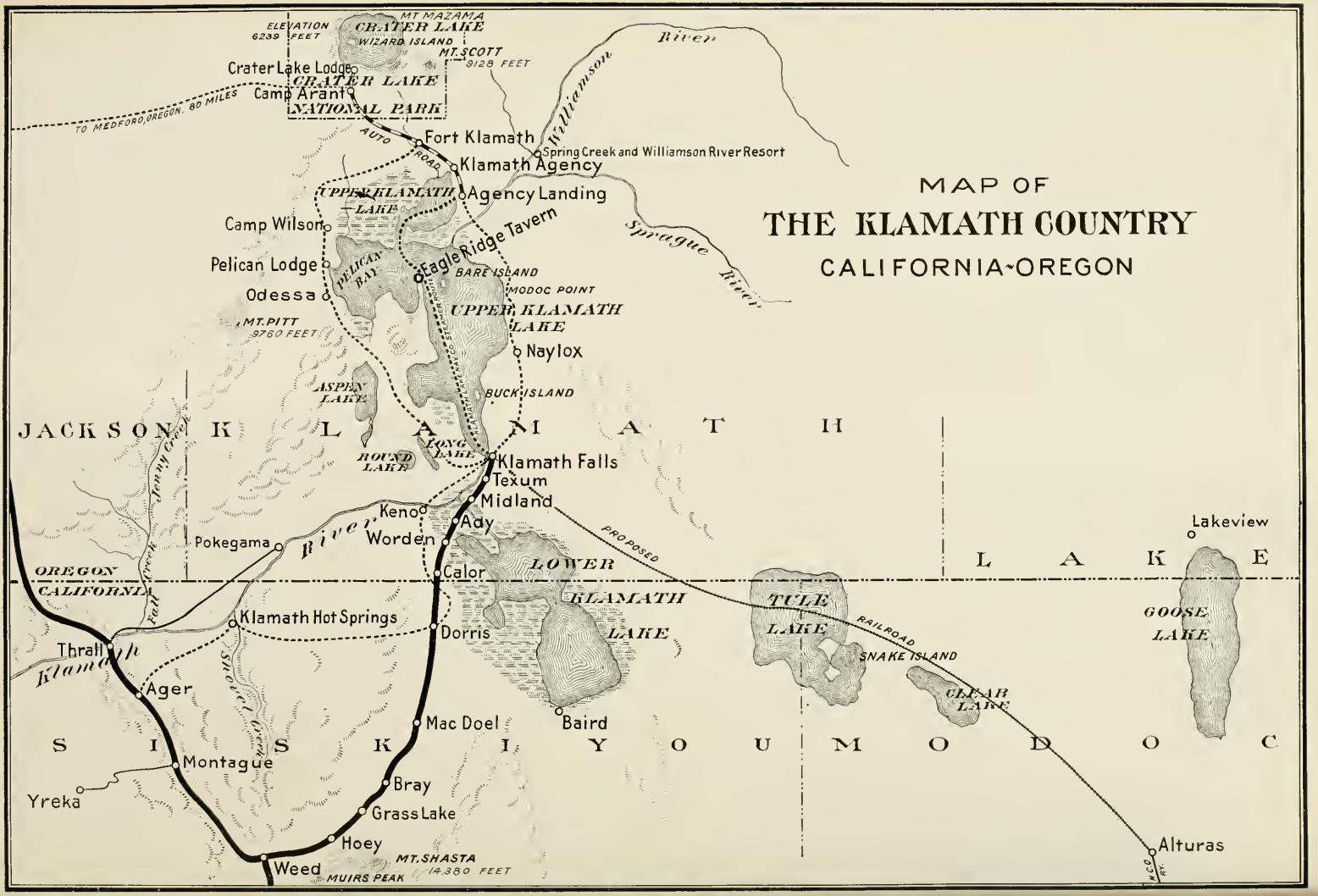
This is a northern latitude, the land of the fir and the pine and cedar, yet it is a temperate clime, an ideal one for camping and for hunting. It is no exaggeration to say that the Klamath region has no superior in America as a hunting-ground. Its lakes and marshes are a breeding-ground for wild fowl, its waters, by lake and stream, full of lusty, broad-shouldered, hard-fighting trout and in its forests are deer and bear. Game is plentiful. The only disappointment can come from lack of hunting effectiveness.

A glance at the map will show Crater Lake at the top, west of the Indian reservation; below are the Klamath lakes, Upper and Lower, and to the east of them Tule Lake, and in Modoc County, Goose Lake, Pelican, Upper, Middle and Lower Lakes.

Klamath Falls is the center of the Klamath and Crater lakes district. It is readily reached by the Southern Pacific, a branch from Weed on the Shasta Route running directly to the town, which is the county-seat of Klamath County and the commercial center of the region.

It is situated on the banks of the Klamath River about a mile from its head in the upper lake. From it the various places of interest are readily reached by steamboat or stage, sometimes both. Farther down is Klamath Hot Springs, just over the California-Oregon line in Siskiyou County, at an elevation of twenty-seven hundred feet. Here are famous springs of steam, mud, sulphur and other minerals, well installed and particularized upon in the chapter on California Spas at the end of this book. The fishing in the Klamath for steelhead, salmon and rainbow is excellent, also the trouting in Shovel Creek. Deer abound, the license regulations and bounty on wildcats and mountain lions having made deer more prolific in California the present year than for twenty years past. Klamath Springs may be reached more directly from Ager, on the main Shasta Route line, by a twenty-mile stage ride, without going to Klamath Falls.

Good trails lead from the hotel to many interesting places, an old Indian burial-ground where beads and arrowheads may be found and a group of extinct


MAP OF
THE KLAMATH COUNTRY
CALIFORNIA-OREGON
ELEVATION 6239 FEET
MT MAZAMA
CRATER LAKE
WIZARD ISLAND
MT. SCOTT 9128 FEET
Crater Lake Lodge
Camp Arant
CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK
TO MEDFORD, OREGON. 60 MILES
AUTO ROAD
Fort Klamath
Spring Creek and Williamson River Resort
Klamath Agency
Agency Landing
Williamson River
Sprague River
UPPER KLAMATH LAKE
Camp Wilson
Pelican Lodge
Odessa
Eagle Ridge Tavern
PELICAN BAY
BARE ISLAND
MODOC POINT
MT. PITT 9760 FEET
Naylox
ASPEN LAKE
BUCK ISLAND
JACKSON
KLAMATH
ROUND LAKE
LONG LAKE
Klamath Falls
Texum
Midland
Keno
Ady
Pokegama
Worden
PROPOSED
Lakeview
LAKE
OREGON
CALIFORNIA
Calor
LOWER KLAMATH LAKE
TULE LAKE
RAILROAD
GOOSE LAKE
Klamath Hot Springs
Dorris
Thrall
Klamath
Ager
SNAKE ISLAND
CLEAR LAKE
Mac Doel
Baird
SISKIYOU
MODOC
Montague
Yreka
Bray
Grass Lake
Hoey
Weed
MT. SHASTA 14,380 FEET
MUIRS PEAK
Alturas

craters but a short distance up the mountain side. The famous ice caves of the Butte Creek Valley, a two-day horseback trip, well repay the journey. The scenery of the region is superb, with Mount Shasta lifting far away in the south and, closer by, Mount Pitt, rearing its majestic crest ten thousand feet above the western shore of Upper Klamath Lake. On Upper Klamath Lake itself the steamers ply north to Eagle Ridge Tavern, on a long peninsula on the western shore, an eighteen-mile boat trip. There, at an elevation of four thousand feet, the inn is set among the pines looking over toward Pelican Bay and Crystal Creek, renowned for their big and gamy ten-pounders.

Crater Lake is the natural objective of any trip to the Klamath region. For years its beauty has tempted travelers across the untraveled ridges, counting hardship as naught for the sake of a glimpse at one of the world's greatest scenic wonders. The Indians have always shunned it and rarely will one be found in its vicinity at nightfall. To them it is the abode of devils and the weird diablerie of its fire-tortured cliffs does much to encourage the superstition. Crater Lake is a national park under government control and there is maintained there a camp of ample accommodations known as Crater Lake Lodge and Tent City, opening on the first of July. From the dining-room windows of the lodge, built on the rim of the cliffs that rise two thousand feet above the water-level, one can look northward across the lake and to the south across Upper Klamath Lake almost to Klamath Falls. The lodge is eighty-two hundred feet above sea-level. To the east of the lake rises Mount Scott, nine thousand one hundred and twenty-eight feet in height. The lake has been stocked with fish at various times and now big rainbows swarm. There are boats at the camp and a limit easily attained, of five fish, is enforced by the government regulation.

It must not be supposed that the scenery is entirely grim and desolate. It is of strange beauty, a land of enchantment. The road up the mountain is of easy grade, accessible to horse and motor conveyance; it leads from the Agency landing on the lake through the Indian reservation by old Fort Klamath, where Captain Jack and his accomplices were hanged in 1873 for the murder of General Canley and the Peace Commissioners, up the beautiful cañon of Annie Creek, called by the Indians Polalx, on to the southern slope of Mazama and so to the top. Forests of hemlock and pine, fir and spruce fringe the precipices, with meadows here and there set about with painter's brush, with lupines and anemones. Early visitors tell of the sudden checking of horse or mule upon the verge of the cliff, so suddenly does the slope end, so sheer are the walls. Below, the blue of the lake is neither to be painted nor described. Nowhere else is there such an azure. It is the color of a deep sapphire, but of a sapphire behind which glows the sun. Out on the waters the color holds, one feels that a glass of it would show blue as if stained with cobalt. The floor of the lake has many square miles at a uniform depth of nineteen hundred feet and it is doubtless this that makes the transparent waters mock the blue sky above. A hundred feet down the white glaze of a plate is discernible. When you catch a trout, one of the government limit of five, you can watch it fighting with every fin against the tautened line until you bring it to the net. The surroundings help the brilliance of the blue. The peaks of the rim are always snow-covered, the little crater of Wizard Island is filled with it, choking what was probably the last chimney of the volcano. The rocks are of metallic hues. Wizard Island is cinder black and red, the Phantom Ship is a mass of

Crater Lake, mysterious of origin, the bluest lake in the world and one of the deepest.

bronze and yellow spires and turrets, ochers and umbers; charred reds and sulphur yellows are everywhere in a goblin fantasy of decoration. Eagles soar and pelicans flap from rim to rim. At night the stillness almost hurts, the great stars seen from the shore glow in inverted splendor from the lake, one can hear only a curious moan, like the sob of the far-away sea, or the sigh imprisoned in a shell, that is never absent from the lake. Geologists claim the mountain was a volcano of almost double its present elevation and the lake was caused by the emission of such enormous quantities of lava from a point halfway down the mountain that the weight of the apex broke through to the core of the mountain, choking the lava column until the imprisoned gases raged their way loose, literally tearing off the crest of the mountain and leaving the present eight thousand odd feet a truncated cone with, at the summit, a vast pit four thousand feet in depth, which in the course of nature became half-filled with water. On this theory all scientists who have studied this wonder are agreed, while the Indians have a vague legend of some mighty eruption of the mountain which has ever since been the abode of the devil. The torn and twisted cliffs bear out the story of the rending, only nowhere in the vicinity can be found the mass of the blown-off crest. It has disappeared, torn to atoms in the explosion perhaps.

The trail leads down the inner rim to Eagle Cove; it is man-made, but the signs are not evident. Spring-bordered and tree-shaded, it is so beautiful that the fifteen minutes needed for its passage are usually extended to an hour. Once down, and the sensation of looking up out of a crater like a moon-man exploited; trips to Wizard Island, eight hundred feet high, to Phantom Ship, and to the strangest of the rock formations are in order; with fishing on, or over, the side. And all about the lake and the mountain shell that holds it are jaunts through the two hundred and forty-nine square miles of the National Park. Sand Creek Cañon lies ten miles away by horse trail, past Castle Creek and Sun cañons. Here is a sandstone forest, a jungle of stone monoliths, two hundred feet high, that crowd the cañon floor. The lathe of the winds has tapered them and carved them into quaint semblances of man and beast, like totem poles. Garfield Peak, on the rim of the crater, furnishes an interesting and a magnificent view, while Mount Scott, nine thousand one hundred and twenty-two feet high, can be ascended on horseback. Far up its rocky sides are curious depressions, locally called "potholes," where antelope come to drink in great numbers.

The Crater Lake season closes October 1st. The trip from Agency landing starts in the early afternoon, ends for the night at Fort Klamath, Crater Lake being reached by regular stage at noon the following day, better time being made by auto. It is also reached from the Oregon side by routes from Medford and Ashland. Fort Klamath has a good hotel and is a center for huntsmen. There is boating on Wood River and fishing in that and numerous streams.

Before leaving the Klamath region a trip should be made to the lava-beds south of Tule Lake and Lower Klamath Lake. Here amid the blow-outs and caverns of the lava the Modoc Indians made their final stand against the United States troops and were only dislodged from their strategic position after a gunboat had been improvised and shells dropped from long range on the lake.

Castle Crags rise in gray buttresses and pinnacles above the sparkling Sacramento River.

The Shasta Region

Mount Shasta and the Valley of the Sacramento

Shasta, most noble of mountains, lies directly south of the Klamath lakes, its isolated bulk plainly visible from there across a hundred miles of air-line, as it may be seen from the plains near Chico, at a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. From its perpetual snow crest take source the Sacramento and McCloud rivers, Shasta, Butte and Squaw creeks. About its base gush forth a thousand springs, mineral or plain honest Adam's ale. Verdure clothes its flanks and fertile valleys are all about it. The Shasta Indians, godfathers of the mountains, still live in the forests of pine and fir, or by the gorge of the McCloud, spearing salmon, netting trout and quail and shooting the plentiful deer, not always according to the white man's laws but rather to their instant needs. On the McCloud are modern hunting lodges of rich city folk; along the sparkling Sacramento are many pleasure-places set amid wild crags, by mossy waterfalls, on pine-shaded plateaux where owners of purses plethoric or gaunt may all find ample measure of content.

On the northward journey from San Francisco toward Portland, Shasta is eagerly looked forward to, lingeringly left. The train parallels the racing Sacramento in the bed of the cañon between towering ridges of pine-clad Sierra; curving here, crossing there; climbing always. In May and early June the pine balm is lost beneath the fragrance of azaleas and wild lilac, while everywhere flowers peep from amid the ferns and enamel little, pleasant meadows. To the west suddenly rises, gaunt above the pines which seem martialed in sloping phalanx to assault it, a grim fortress of rock, the vertical strata splintered into a hundred parapets, the cliffs of Castle Crags. Grim as they seem, they may be conquered, and from them is a wondrous view of Shasta. The "Crags," while still in sight, are swiftly forgotten as ahead, appearing silently, swiftly, above the ridge, as if it had risen like some mighty moon, is the rounded summit of Shasta, silver against the turquoise of the sky, a watchtower of the world, gazing ever toward the eternal. Its noble grandeur dominates all thoughts, its majesty dwarfs the mere attempt at expression. Serene and immutable, its face reflects the centuries that have carved its sphinx-like grandeur.

Shasta stands in the axial line of the Sierra Nevada, though the range breaks down at Lassen's Butte and shows only in confused masses broken up by the cañons of the McCloud, Pitt and Sacramento. All about these spurs lies a broad volcanic plain some three thousand feet in altitude, part forest, part grassy meadows, and toward the north and east, vast seas of pumice and lava. From every standpoint, Shasta, springing from a cluster of a hundred little volcanoes, is, with its dark belt of forest clothing the swelling foothills thick to the timber line, with its lavas of gray and pink, its glaciers and silver crests, the one great landmark. It has a distinction, a grandeur, hardly equaled, never eclipsed, by any American mountain. Practically it is a single cone, a vast volcano whose fires have been supplanted by snow and ice, though still steam comes from its higher crevices and molten sulphur bubbles near its summit. Its work of soil distribution done, Shasta's work is not yet ended. It has yet two world-making glaciers on the eastern and northeastern slopes, the Whitney and the McCloud glaciers, grinding the rocks to sediment and

Mount Shasta from Sissons, the Monarch of American Mountains, mantled with eternal snows.

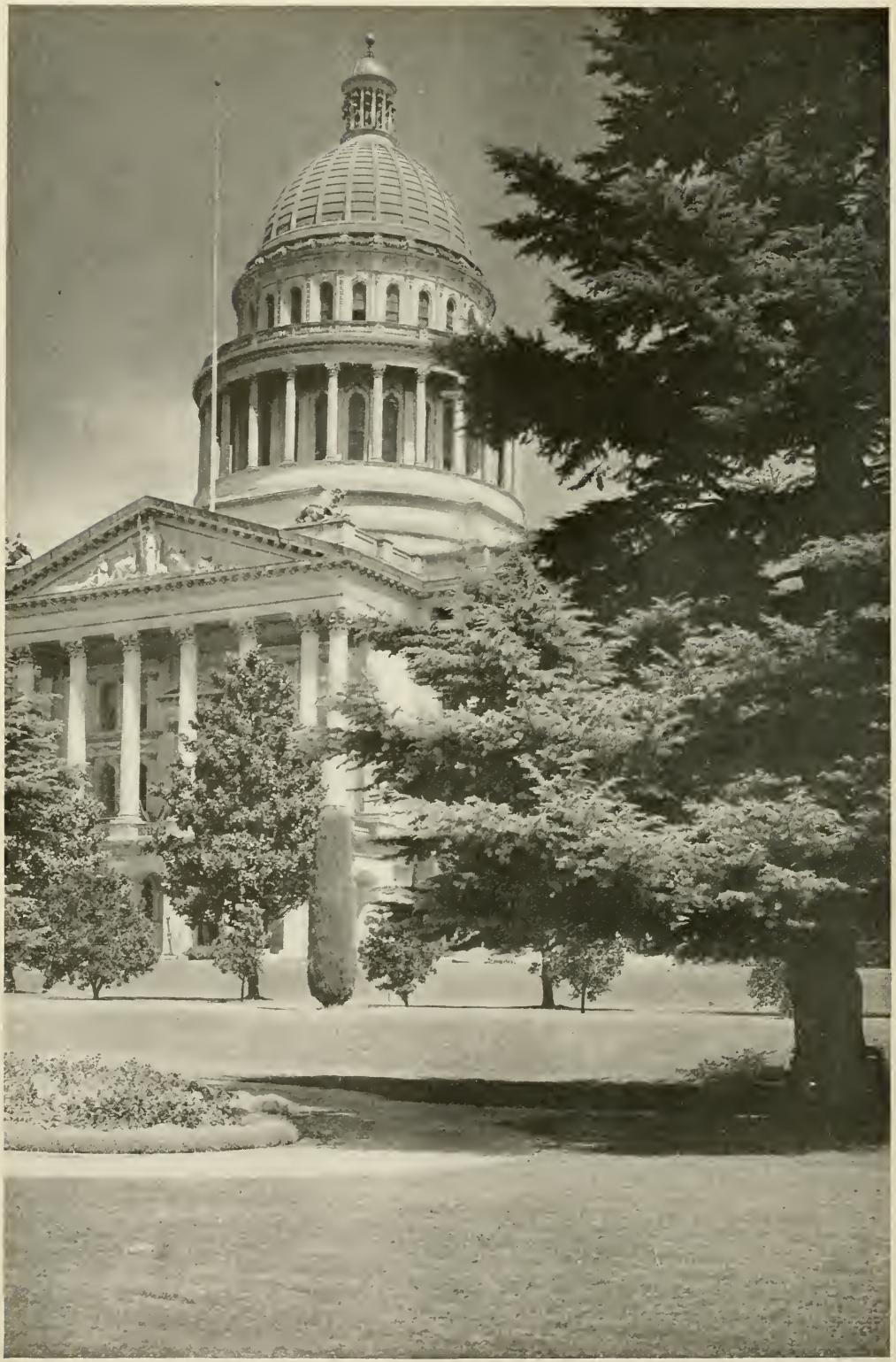
filling up the valleys with fertile soil. From Sissons, on the line of the railroad, the ascent of the mountain is readily made. It is not difficult, young girls have successfully essayed it and guides can be easily secured. A road now runs to the edge of the timber line, where the night camp is usually made, so that now the conquest of the mountain can be achieved in one day. There are marvelous caves or lava tubes to be seen, caused by the outer crust of lava cooling while the core flowed out, one of them three-quarters of a mile long. The wonderful view from the summit is bounded only by the curvature of the world's disc. Emphatically, truthfully, there is no finer, no more extensive view in North America.

The great cone of Shasta falls abruptly away from beneath your feet in every direction, the colorings vary through the wide range of the palette from vivid primaries to the most delicate of complex hues. Radiating from the sun, the peaks send out, while their breasts are warm in the light, long shadows that wheel and turn the landscape into a veritable kaleidoscope of changing topography. Toward sunset the shadow of Shasta stretches in a triangle of cobalt across the east, darkening the plain a hundred miles away, terrible, majestic, hushing the lips to silence, the spirit to reverence.

Grand and impressive, too, is Shasta from below. From Castle Crags and Castle Lake the view is magnificent. All along the stretch of the McCloud River Railway from Sissons to Bartle, Mount Shasta looms from ever changing points of view. From McCloud also the ascent can be made. The best known view is that from Sissons in Strawberry Valley. From the wide veranda at Sisson Tavern the view of Shasta showing the two cones, the abrupt termination of vegetation at the timber line, the sharp contrasts of lava rock and snow, is remarkable. In the European Alps such a view would alone bring fame and fortune to a resort.

Sissons itself is thirty-five hundred feet in elevation and is a delightful resting-place. It is on the main line of the railroad and its homelike tavern, open all the year, is in a mountain meadow backed by the virgin pine forest. There are twenty-three mountain lakes near by, easily visited by trails that lead through wood and mountain meadows; the fishing and hunting is excellent and, in common with other fine resorts of the Sacramento Cañon, there are many outdoor amusements. Horses for hunting, exploring or mountain climbing parties are in readiness. Berryvale Inn, with bathing and boating in the lake, is also at Sissons. From here starts the branch of the McCloud Railroad. Here, too, is the largest fish hatchery in the world, where forty-nine fish ponds and two large hatchery houses send yearly millions of trout and salmon to the streams and rivers of California. The fishery is open to the public and most interesting to visit.

Shasta Springs is the "star stopover" of the Shasta Route. Here, when the limited and express-trains stop, the forewarned or already wise passengers rush in friendly rivalry to the spring house for a draft of the sparkling Shasta water, real soda-water, containing a large percentage of iron and magnesia, highly charged with carbonic acid gas. Everywhere water gushes, bubbles and springs. From their submountain channels, the streams born of Shasta snows burst out in gladness to greet the sky again and all about them ferns nod and flowers grow in a green twilight of overarching boughs. One of these rivers, after an eighteen-mile journey through the lava, divides into a myriad little waterways before reaching the top of a calcareous cliff, of semi-circular shape. Over it tumble the hundreds of tiny streams pouring into the river pool a hundred feet below. Behind them is a curtain



The Capitol of California is in a park at Sacramento where flourish trees from every clime.

of ferns and moss and flowers seen through the streaming waters as through glass. Mossbrae Falls is the name of this rarely beautiful spot. But there are cascades everywhere and the voice of the waters is the dominant note as the train stops. Up the main series of falls run woodland trails, with rustic bridges here and there, leading to a pine and oak shaded plateau, where the cottages and grounds of the resort are placed, with Shasta rising up behind. A scenic railway giving superb views of the cañon, furnishes a short cut. At night the waterfalls, the trails and buildings are brilliantly illuminated with colored electrics, and the fairy scene, the foliage theatrically profiled in the glow, the rainbow reflections in the tumbling water, suddenly flashing upon one after a night ride through the cañon; is one not to be missed, never to be forgotten. The resort is a notable one for refreshment of the inner and the outer man. For the latter are swimming pools, a private fifty-mile auto boulevard and, besides the picturesque grounds, the glory of exploiting the surrounding country. Ten days' stopover are allowed on overland rail and sleeping-car tickets.

The McCloud River Railroad runs for thirty-five miles through the deep pine forests of Siskiyou County, skirting the southern approaches to Mount Shasta, which from McCloud assumes the form of a single cone. Stopovers are allowed at Sissons on all classes of tickets and guides for an ascent of Shasta, which starts from Pierce, a station midway between Sissons and McCloud, or for the general exploitation of the McCloud country, can be obtained at McCloud, where there is an excellent hotel, from the veranda of which, as at Sissons, a magnificent view of the snow-summited volcano is always visible. At McCloud is a lumber-mill, the largest plant on the coast, where lumber operations may be watched from the selections of the standing tree to the finished mill product, an interesting thing to do. From Bartle, the end of the line, daily stages connect for Lava Springs, on the banks of the Tule River in Fall River Valley in Shasta County, where sport with fin and fur and feather is of the very finest and where there are accommodations.

Close below Shasta Springs is Shasta Retreat, with cottages and tents, also Upper Soda Springs, with similar accommodations; at Dunsmuir and again at Crag View and Castle Rock Tavern. The two latter are well-known family resorts, directly on the railroad and close to Castle Crags. At Castle Crags Farm, pine log cabins, fireplaced and centering about a main dining-hall, are set in a mountain meadow in the heart of some six thousand acres of virgin timber. There are mineral springs here and good motor roads connect with Shasta Springs and the McCloud River. So at Sims and Lamoine, between which places many anglers claim runs the best stretch of the river, are good hotels and below Lamoine comes Delta, the latter a junction point for stages running to Trinity County and the Trinity River. Here at Carrville is a mountain resort of twenty years' establishment, much frequented by hunters.

Lassen Butte, seventy miles south of Shasta, is off the regular line of travel, but worth a special effort to visit with its isolated grandeur, the wild beauty of the country round about, its geysers and mud volcanoes, its cinder cones and craters, one of which, named Cinder Cone, was, in 1850, the last active volcano in the United States. From Chico a branch runs to Sterling, whence by stage to Prattville and from there by hired conveyance, the Butte, named after a pioneer, Peter Lassen, can be reached. Tuscan Springs, near Red Bluff, above Chico, is reached by stage.

Sacramento, the capital city of the state, is of great interest to the tourist. In it center the great transcontinental lines, the Overland Route from the East, the Shasta Route to Portland and the Northwest both pass through here. It is the center of a rich country of agricultural interests, rapidly developing, and is one of the important cities of the Pacific Coast.

Its history is romantic and, for California, ancient. Ten years before the rush of '49, General Sutter, fresh from the Sandwich Islands, sailed up the Sacramento River from its mouth in San Francisco Bay, past its junction with the San Joaquin River, through the maze of delta islands up to the present site of the city, named after the river, itself named by Spanish padres. There the old fort, the walls of which withstood many a shrieking onslaught by Indians, bears his name, and remains a mute memorial of the stirring days when it was the most western of frontier posts. In the days of '49, Sacramento was the rallying point of the gold-hunters and the steamboats that plied to and from San Francisco carried a motley crowd of fortune-seekers, fortune-hunters and those who failed, with the garish army of camp-followers that preyed upon the army of the argonauts.

The rough mining settlement that clustered about Sutter's Fort has given place to a modern city radiating from the five-million-dollar statehouse building. General Sutter's ship of 1839 has given place to the torpedo fleet which disturbed the placid waters of the river at a twenty-five knot gait on a flying trip from San Francisco to Sacramento in 1906. Gold is still dug from the earth, but it is the gold of ripened grain and fruit.

The climate of Sacramento is almost identical in average temperature with that of Southern Italy, only a trifle warmer and with more clear days. The choicest flowers blossom out-of-doors the year round. Camellias bloom in February and the gardens are rich in palms and semi-tropical plants. The thirty-five acre park in which the State Capitol stands, has a notable collection of rare trees and shrubs from every clime. The whole city has a semi-tropical air and the broad, well-paved streets are shaded by fine elms, oaks, walnuts, acacias, magnolias, oleanders and palms.

There are clubs, theaters and park concerts, the Crocker Art Gallery, open to the public and containing excellent examples of master-artists. Sutter's Fort, with its relics, is worth the short car ride. There is an ostrich farm and a swimming tank of mineral waters and there are several good hotels, headed by the Hotel Sacramento. Evenings and holidays the river is alive with canoes, yachts and launches, while there is quite a floating population in the houseboat colony.

It is becoming popular to break a transcontinental trip by making the journey between Sacramento and San Francisco by water. The fast boats of the Southern Pacific fleet, headed by the *Navajo* and *Seminole*, cover the trip on daylight schedule in from nine to ten hours. All first-class tickets are transferable and the cabin and dining-room accommodations are first-class. Automobiles may be carried on the boats. This trip is called the "Netherlands Route," the similarity of the levee-protected lands to those of Holland being marked.

It is a most enjoyable and unique excursion, this one hundred and twenty-five miles of river travel. The banks are clad in generous foliage of trees and wildgrape festoons, between which glimpses are caught of fertile orchards and comfortable homes, some of them standing in classic beauty behind grassy lawns, with always the azure mountains in the distance. Every month has its special beauties, from

the snow of perfumed orchard blooms in spring, through fruit-time and harvest. The sunsets are as gorgeous as those of the Upper Mississippi, the life of the river, with its dredgers, long tows of grain barges, launches, Greek and Italian fishing-boats, farmers of all nationalities, from Cathay to the Caucasus, has a quaint individuality. The river-towns are charming, with white steeples pointing above tree-set villages. Toward the mouth the channel widens as the waters of the San Joaquin join volume with the Sacramento.

The river runs by the United States arsenal at Benicia and Mare Island Navy-Yard at Vallejo, where lie the resting vessels of the Pacific fleet for refitting or repair. From Sacramento to San Francisco by bay and river, there is not a dull moment.

The motorist will find good accommodations at Sacramento, there being ample garage and rent service. The most notable trip is that to Lake Tahoe, six thousand two hundred and forty feet upward over good grades and a first-class road, a one-day trip of one hundred and thirty miles. One route leads through Placerville, another through Auburn, but the best route is that which leads by Folsom, joining the Auburn route and practically paralleling the railroad, running through orchards and the Bret Harte placer-pocket country, on and up past scenes of exquisite beauty, by Blue Cañon and Gold Run and Emigrant Gap—expressive names these, long may they remain unspoiled—by mountain lakes, tree-fringed, meadow-bordered, over Summit by Donner Lake, the scene of a grim tragedy in early days, to Truckee, and so along the sparkling river to Tahoe Tavern. Crest and cañon, forest and fair meadow, glen and gorge, tinged by the magic mystery of the mountains, the wonderful air, the constant change of scene, make up a trip of great enjoyment. Connections are easy from San Francisco with the steamboat service for automobiles.

The Tahoe Region

The Foothills of the Sacramento Valley, Lake Tahoe and Its Satellites

California boasts some sixteen thousand square miles of lakes, most of which are in the Sierra Nevada. Greatest of them all is Lake Tahoe, the clearest and most brilliantly tinted sheet of water in the world; high up in the mountains, 6,240 feet above the sea, an enormous pool set within the cup of the mountains—a cup that has never been systematically plumbed but is known to be over two thousand feet deep in some places. Roughly speaking, the lake is over a mile high and over a third of a mile deep, while above the lake level snow-covered mountains rise yet a mile higher toward the ether. Its length is twenty-three miles, its width thirteen. It is fringed with pine forests and emerald meadows; all about it are resorts suiting all tastes; out of it flows a sparkling river—the Truckee—and it is the center of a wildly beautiful region of mountains embracing within their folds a hundred other lakes, all smaller but all beautiful. Add to this the charm of easy access and the importance of Lake Tahoe as a scenic resort will be readily seen.

TAHOE REGION
RAIL ROADS
AUTO ROADS
LAKE TAHOE
Boca
Polaris
San Francisco Fly Casters Club House
Truckee
Cisco
Summit
Soda Springs
Deer Park
Tahoe City
Tahoe Tavern
Brockway
Glenbrook
McKinneys
Moana Villa
Rubicon Springs
Rubicon Park
Lakeside Park
Tallac
Bijou
Al-Tahoe
Morattini
Palmer
Wilson
Myers
Georgetown Jct.
Echo
Strawberry Valley
Johnsons
Markleeville
Carson City
Truckee River
Rubicon River
American River
South Fork American River
Middle Fork American River
Yuba River
Prosser Creek
Little Truckee
Squaw Creek
Five Lakes Creek
Squaw Creek
Yuba River
Sacramento
Auto Road to Sacramento
Placerville to Sacramento
Auto Road via Sugar Loaf
Pacific
Southern
Lake Tahoe Railway & Transportation
Mt. Rose
Washoe Lake
Marlette Lake
Mt. Pluto
Devils Playground
Watson Lake
Mt. Mildred
Ward Pk.
Twin Pk.
Barker Pk.
Ellis Pk.
McKinstry Pk.
Guide Pk.
Rubicon Peak
Rubicon Point
Eagle Point
Eagle Lake
Casade Lake
Phipps Peak
Tells Peak
Robbs Peak
Mt. Tallac
Richardsons Peak
Crystal Peak
Heather Lake
Fallen Leaf Lake
Fallen Leaf Lodge
Camp Agassiz
Glen Alpine Springs
Angora Peak
Echo Lake
Pyramid Peak
Ralston Peak
Freel Peak
Jobs Sister
Jobs Peak
Cary Peak
Stevens Peak
Red Lake Peak
Elephants Back
Slick Rock
Desolation Valley
Anderson Pk.
Tinker Knob
Painted Rock
Needle Pk.
Squaw Pk.
Mt. Lincoln
Donner Pk.
Castle Pk.
Meadow Lake
Fordyce Lake
Sterling Lake
Webber Lake
Webber Pk.
Independence Lake
White Rock Lake
Snow Mt.
North Fork
Royal Gorge
Shakespeare Cliff
Cave Rock
State Line Pt.
Sand Harbor
Crystal Bay
Agate Bay
Carnelian Bay
McKinney Bay
Rubicon Bay
Emerald Bay
Lake Tahoe Railway
Sacramento
Truckee
Reno
V. & T. R.R. to Reno
E. Epting Del.

No one who has entered California by the Overland Route, climbing from Nevada deserts up the grim stairway of the Sierra's eastern slope, will forget the thrill that comes as the train sweeps down the western ridges from snow-crests, by belts of dark pines where lakes flash between the trees and rushing streams beside the track; past the old mining-camps to the lesser hills, where fragrant orchards flourish; down to the fruitful plains of the Sacramento Valley. As the train is still climbing the eastern wall, toiling up as the Truckee River goes foamingly down on its mission to turn Nevada's sun-baked plains into fertile farms; while still some way from Summit, the river disappears at Truckee. From there runs the Lake Tahoe Railway and Transportation Company, a short trip of fifteen miles following the Truckee to its source in the lake. Railroad and Pullman tickets permit of stopovers at Truckee Station, which are frequently taken advantage of on either the way in or the way out of California.

The region is so easily visited from San Francisco, two hundred miles away, the train service taking one up overnight, that the bulk of Tahoe's visitors arrive from that direction. To many of the dwellers in the interior valleys the prospect of a sojourn by the lake is annually irresistible; it is an emphatic change for those who live at sea-level, and there is a coterie of visitors from Hawaii who regularly plow the seas to make straight for Tahoe upon arrival at San Francisco. Many make the auto trip already described by way of river-boat to Sacramento with a day's trip over good roads that practically parallel the railroad. All the region is full of game; there are special places where hunters and anglers make preferential visits and there are hundreds of places of accommodation from the magnificently planned and achieved Tahoe Tavern to camps where plain food, plenty of it, and a place to sleep, are the main requirements of the guests. For you may rough it or dwell in the lap of luxury at Tahoe, camp in mountain solitudes or take your part in the social life that every summer migrates lakeward. In this Sierra region the season is naturally somewhat limited, ranging from the middle of May to the middle of October, but during those months it is not lacking in animation, albeit the resorts are so many, the region so vast and so varied; that one need not, with judicious selection, fear danger of overcrowding.

From San Francisco the way holds constant interest. There is the trip on the great ferryboat *Solano*, a Noah's Ark of a boat that takes the train on board, engines and all; there are the Suisun marshes, where the duck-hunters find limit bags an easy matter, and beyond Sacramento, before the upward climb begins, is the Plains Country; broad expanses of gently rolling lands grouped here and there with the beautiful live-oaks of California, vast wheat-fields now gradually disappearing before well-ordered orchards. Roseville is an important railroad point where the Shasta Route intercepts the Overland. Now the foothills commence, everywhere set with vineyards and orchards of apple, peach and almond, a land of rich soil and balmy climate.

The little towns are all ensconced in green and wear a semi-tropic air with the palms that flourish everywhere. These little towns are all prosperous and up-to-date with the best of things in municipal improvement. Some of them have sprung from little mining-camps under the urge of the more certain era of fruit. It is here that the westward bound traveler first sees the real California and, marveling, admires the transition from the forested and snowy summit to these verdant towns with shady streets and gardens where bananas wave and roses cluster.

From the Overland Route the American River gleams like a silver ribbon in its verdant canon.

In summer the air is rich with the fragrance of boxed fruit awaiting shipment at stations and warehouses. Newcastle, Auburn and Colfax are the largest of these communities, while between the last named can be seen, through the jungle of laurel and azalea, of madrone and manzanita; the scarred hillsides where the hydraulic "Long Toms" swept the gold from the rich gravel. There is plenty of gold here yet, but the needs of the agriculturists have prohibited the hydraulic mining, so that the claims are abandoned; though today, as in the days of forty-nine, the prospector may still be seen, patiently hopeful and rewarded every once in a while by a rich pocket of gold, uncovered by some freshet or lying close enough to the surface to be discovered by his practiced eye. The vigorous undergrowth is rapidly covering these scars; many of the little settlements are abandoned, but the place still holds its air of romance and the memories of rough and ready men, of quick death and sudden fortune, are still living. The stages yet run to Dutch Flat, You Bet and Little York, where mining operations are still carried on under legal prescription; though the "Sandy McGees," the "Hank" Monks and "John Oakhursts" have fired their last shot, turned their last card and no longer toss their silk above the speeding leaders while Horace Greeley exclaims "Mr. Monk, I must lecture in Nevada tonight."

Before Dutch Flat is reached the scenery has become grandly picturesque. Far below, fifteen hundred feet down, rages the North Fork of the American River, with its own North Fork streaming in cascades down steep mountain sides. Cape Horn is rounded, where the roadway has been blasted from the solid rock and a hand thrust from the car window could drop a pebble twenty-five hundred feet into the chasm. Near here are many mountain resorts for hunters and fishermen. At Applegate, near Colfax, at Towie just beyond Cape Horn and at Blue Cañon, are hotels where also more primitive accommodations can be secured for those who like the camper's life. Outfits too may be had and from Blue Cañon, auto-stages reach Lake Tahoe, twelve miles away, while Lakes Echo and Andrain, typical smaller lakes of the Sierra, are in the immediate vicinity. At Emigrant Gap we pass a landmark of the old wagon road when prairie-schooners crossed the plains. The view from the train of the deep gorge of the American River is superb. The river gleams like a narrow silver ribbon at the base of the converging walls, thickly clad with trees, and in the distance hangs an exquisite haze of azure, suggesting rather than hiding the farther vistas. Seen in the early morning or at evening the view can hardly be excelled.

Summit, as its name implies, is the highest point in the Sierra for railroad passage. For a long time it was the highest railroad point in America. The exact elevation is 7,018 feet. Here is a beautiful country of many lakes, bordered by meadows on which grow stately clusters of pine advanced from the great forests that mass on the mountains. The flowers of the High Sierra are particularly abundant here, especially the smaller petaled flowers that stud the edges of the snowbanks like gems. You can play with snowballs here in the middle of summer and use a handy bank as a refrigerator. Summit is a favorite camping-place and there is a good hotel which will supply outfits. Besides the lakes, there are many well-stocked streams and the man with the gun may be sure of good bags of grouse and quail, while the man with the rifle will find plenty of deer and bear. The rare air, the Alpine scenery, with the mountain crests reaching up to ten thousand feet and more; the lakes like "little eyes of the world"; waterfalls where

Beautiful Donner Lake, three miles from Truckee, is easily accessible by railroad and motorcar.

streams leap from cliffs to become streams again; all combine to endow the Summit country with great charm. From here, the dividing watershed, many streams fall westward to finally, by devious wanderings, find the Sacramento and the sea. Among these are the American, the South Yuba and the Bear. Eastward the mountain waters and melting snows drain into lakes which once were glaciers and from which, as the Truckee from Lake Tahoe, issue the eastward bound waters. From Summit to Truckee, a short run of fifteen miles, in which the elevation drops to 5,819 feet, the traveler from the point of vantage on the mountain side, looks down by crag and pinnacle, past marshaled pines, to where Donner Lake gleams in its granite basin. It is a remarkably beautiful lake with its graveled shores, promontoried here and there with charming inlets and bays, fringed with a dense growth of fir, pine and tamarack. It has been often painted, notably by Bierstadt, and to its charm is added melancholy interest by the remembrance of the terrible fate of the Donner party, migrating in 1846, which perished horribly of starvation upon its shores. A cross marks the tragedy. The lake is about three miles long, half as wide and some two hundred and fifty feet deep. There is good fishing and there are hotel accommodations. It is easily reached from Truckee, from which it is but three miles away.

At Truckee, connections are made with the branch line that follows the sparkling Truckee through its cañon up to Tahoe Tavern, on the rim of the lake, and in its turn connects with a swift, steel-hulled, twin-screw steamer that daily makes the circuit of the lake, some seventy-two miles in all. The steamer trip takes about seven hours, calling at all the resorts and placing them within day-distance of San Francisco. Some of these resorts are in Nevada, for the state line crosses the lake at a tangent.

Tahoe is framed by serrated peaks upon which the snow lingers the year round. Among the most prominent are Job's Peak and Freel's Peak, equaling each other's stature at 11,120 feet; Pyramid Peak, 10,052; Richardson, 9,794; Tallac, 9,715; Rubicon and Ralston over nine thousand; and many others ranking closely to that height. The shores of the lake are diversified in their beauty. Here meadows sweep softly to the water's edge and fringe pebbly beaches; here cliffs drop sharply down to sandy bathing shores. Great masses of vaulted granite or solid scarps of stone rise abruptly from two thousand feet of water where the great trout lurk; pines and firs lean out far over the waters and everywhere the trees are marching to the water. There is one magnificent bay, called Emerald, at the edge of which waterfalls come tumbling to the lake, and where is an island of which more anon. The great expanse of the water and its great depth give to it a power of color that is not surpassed by any lake in the world. By day the water shades from the pearly gray reflections along the farther mountain shore, through every tinge of blue, azure to cobalt, cobalt to ultramarine and then to violet, with, as the wind currents strike the surface, great streaks of silver. Close in shore where the great rocks submerge, there are deeps of green; Emerald Bay, with its shallower waters, is a great jewel, changing in flashing hues as the depth varies.

Those who vaunt the sunsets on Como and Maggiore must hold them equaled by the exquisite radiance of Tahoe at eventide. Such sights are not to be described nor painted. The painted sky; the clouds of opalescent fire, in mimic shapes of temples and monuments and ships, in trailing banners of glowing, ever-

The wharf at Tahoe Tavern, where the steamer takes up the railroad journey for the trip around the lake.

changing light; the crimson flush of the snow and granite of the mountain wall; all are reflected in the lake and enhanced by its own violet and purple until the great surface glows with streamers of light and shade like the aurora of some northern sky. To quote Longfellow:

"Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together."

And so the shifting colors slowly fade, holding dusky glories even after the sun has dropped behind the western wall, the lake glows like an opal by candlelight, the waters turn to amethyst and then to gray. The first star trembles in the blue and then the starry host glitters like clustered diamonds till the moon, queen regnant of them all, unveils herself and casts her silver mantle far across the lake.

While the water is cold in the depths, the surface temperature does not forbid bathing, particularly in the shallower places. The lake never freezes, even when ten feet of snow lies thick about it, but maintains a temperature above the freezing-point. Through the summer the lake is generally calm, but its great surface and the configuration of the mountain ranges all about it, render it liable to storms that are often as sudden as they are turbulent. There are times when the lake is changed into an angry sea; others when the rain turns the placid water into a myriad spouting fountains, while rainbows arch the entire lake.

The fishing is excellent, the lake having native Tahoe trout, Loch Leven and Mackinaw. One of the last species was caught weighing a little over twenty-nine pounds and was the record until 1909, when one of thirty-one and a half pounds was captured. Nine-pound Loch Leven have been captured on rod and line. Expert anglers will find the lake an ideal ground, while in the Truckee River are plenty of rainbow and eastern brook, with various varieties in every lake and stream of the region. The tyro also can be assured of thrills if he follows the Indian style of fishing, which consists of trailing a spoon at the end of a long line that is jerked continually as the boat is slowly rowed. "Lo" the poor Indian is short on sport but long on grub, and uses the surest methods to secure it. There is excellent hunting all about, grouse and quail, deer and bear, and, in migrating season, ducks and geese make themselves at home here, secured from harm by winter. The climate in the summer months is delightful. Day after day is sunny and not too warm, seventy-five degrees being the average until sunset, when the thermometer falls to a little over sixty and ensures delightful sleep between blankets. The air, balmy with the pines and firs, is full of the impulse that comes with the purity of high altitudes. Altogether life is very much worth while the living at Tahoe. The only possible complaint that could be lodged against the air might be by the caterers, for it increases one's appetite to the "n'th" degree.

A trip on the steamer is the most effective way of gaining some idea of the lake resorts. Tahoe Tavern is the hub of the region and from its wharf starts the steamer. There is a gap of an hour between train arrival and steamer departure, a gap which is filled by the partaking of a trout breakfast at the tavern, not only by its own guests but by those going farther afield. The Tavern is a mountain house built for comfort. Its architecture, long and rambling, with shingles the tint of pine bark, with twenty-foot porches upheld by rough sawed native wood, harmonizes delightfully with the natural setting. The buildings stand on a low

From Tahoe Tavern the lake in gleaming, changing colors, stretches to the Nevada shore, ten miles away.

bluff close to the lake in a grove of primeval trees, pines two hundred feet high, some of them; while the garden is all abloom with flowers carefully transplanted from neighboring mountain and meadow. A delightfully original and successful scheme this, with another pleasure added to the senses of sight and smell; that of touch, for you may pick them at your will. Within are beamed ceilings, trophies of the chase, rustic furniture and everywhere comfort; the solid comfort of baths, electricity, long-distance telephones, steam-heat and all that sort of thing. As for amusements; there are a fine casino with a club-room apiece for both sexes, unusually fine bowling alleys, billiard rooms, and a spacious ball-room which has been graced by the socially elite of all the coast. Then there is tennis and fishing and launch riding, and long rides or tramps by forest paths, trails to lonely peaks, adventures with rifle and gun, guides on hand for exploration, much of the region being absolutely virgin off the established trails; plenty to do, plenty to see, plenty to eat and plenty of appetite, plenty of health and therefore good digestion. What more can one desire?

As the steamer starts it turns its prow southward. Many take the round trip for the sheer pleasure of the journey over the blue waters by the changing shores. One notes many homes more or less pretentious, from log cabin to chateau, nestling amid the trees. There are several nooks about the lake where folks have their summer homes, the ready access to the lake making the erection of such places increasingly popular. McKinney's is the first landing at one of the oldest of the resorts. All are popular and provide ample amusement. Back of McKinney's and reached by road and trail, lies Rubicon Springs, on the Rubicon River, a beautiful trout stream, and the center of a fine hunting country. The Springs are reached by stage. Close by too, are Mirror and Quail lakes and Iron Springs. Moana Villa, a comfortable resort, is but two hundred yards from McKinney's. Rubicon Park has a sandy bathing beach to add to its attractions and a small mountain lake close by with many hungry trout within it. Hotel accommodations are among the best on the lake.

At Rubicon Point the rugged cliffs plunge sheer into deep water of aquamarine coloring and here many of the biggest fish have been caught. Tahoe, like that other deep lake in the Klamath country, Crater Lake, has water so pellucid that you see your trout long before you get him, an unfair advantage, because you can tell when the gallant fighter tires and just which way he is heading. But one does not catch trout from the steamer, so let us round the point and enter the vividly green waters of Emerald Bay, which was once a separate lake, say the Indians. The inlet is three miles long and half a mile wide. The sandy bottom, easily discernible, the tree-set, thickly-wooded shores, give the well-deserved name to the bay, the water mocking the trees so closely that one cannot tell the line between reflection and reality. At the upper end is a rocky islet once inhabited by an eccentric Englishman. The steamer circles the islet, passing within sight of some beautiful cascades tumbling down from a lake which has good things to see about it, good things to eat within it. There are other lakes near by of the same order and brooks and trails and a wonderful variety of wild-flowers and ferns. A delightful camp of tents and cottages gives access to all these while providing entertainments of its own, including fresh trout kept alive for those who cannot catch them; and perhaps the best, certainly the warmest, bathing on the lake. There are two or three private places on the shores of this charming arm.

The steel-hulled twin-screw steamer Tahoe, close to Rubicon Point, where the cliffs drop sheer two hundred fathoms deep.

Tallac is a notable spot on the lake, with its hotel and cottages set within the fringe of the forest. Back of it rises Mount Tallac, easily climbed and from which a magnificent view, not only of Lake Tahoe but of fourteen other Alpine lakes, rewards all effort. Freel's Peak is an easy excursion from here and the many minor lakelets may be visited and fished. Five miles from Tallac, lies Fallen Leaf Lake, exceedingly beautiful and nestling among the timbered slopes of Mount Tallac and Angora and Cathedral peaks. Here there is a lodge in the woods, a place of much comfort with electricity and attendant conveniences. There is a camp connected with the "Lodge" which is a starting-point for Pyramid Peak and the wild wonders of Desolation Valley. At Camp Agassiz, on Fallen Leaf Lake, a quarter of a mile from the "Lodge," is a boys' summer camp that has long made western youngsters pioneers of Thompson Seton's campers. Glen Alpine Springs is seven miles south of Tallac, where, amid rugged scenery, waters of great hydrotherapeutic value bubble. Many peaks may be climbed from here and the same region exploited as from Fallen Leaf Lodge, while within six miles of the hotel are forty-six lakes all holding plenty of trout. The bald statement of forty-six lakes within a small radius conveys no hint of the loveliness of this Alpine land; with the lakes embosomed among trees, bordered by flowery meads or brimming rude cups of granite. Each has its characteristics, no two are alike, most are readily accessible. Imagine the glory of the landscape with these sky mirrors flashing back the sunshine, reflecting an azure, dyed deeper by their own, gray beneath cloud shadows, gloomy amid frowning cliffs. They are found everywhere, in cañons, on naked ledges, at the foot of icy peaks; mirroring again and again the wild splendor of the place. Softening all this ruggedness, are the flowers in the meadows, and the ferns that grow in great profusion of number and variety, like brilliant carpets spread out upon the nakedness of the mountains. Birds and butterflies and all the wild things of the wood are here and always is there the electric thrill of the air of the higher altitudes.

Back at the lake again, Al-Tahoe, four miles east of Tallac, stands on a bluff that looks northward across the full length of the lake. There is a safe and sandy bathing beach here and every grade of accommodation. Trout stream is not misnamed; Cold Creek and the Little Truckee are close by, full of fish, as is Star Lake. Job's Peak and Mount Freel are high but not arduous climbs, and, mountaineer or not, anyone not conquering at least one of the Tahoe mountain peaks has deliberately sacrificed an exaltation of the spirit, a thrill of the senses such as lifts us for the time above more sordid things. Standing upon the brow of such a mountain, that breaks away in a titanic stairway to the grassy lake-set valleys, one sees across the belts of pine the broken summits of the range rise and fall like billows of a mighty sea. The clouds break against them like waves in foam; the dazzle of icy peaks lifts against the purple distances; cataracts stream down the cliffs, streams rush through the ravines and lakes smile at the zenith; little Edens are enshrined within the folds of grim cliffs; an eagle soars across the blue; a bird sings in the thickets below and cheers the loneliness. One seems closer to the great heart of things and returns to the levels reverently, at peace with Nature and with Nature's God.

Right by the state line, is Bijou, on a fine beach of white sand, and, on the line itself, is Lakeside Park, with log cabins, cottages and tents, partly in California and partly in Nevada. There is a pine grove close by, and from here runs the

old Placerville stage road. Glenbrook, at the end of Glenbrook Bay, is in Nevada entirely and is a comfortable and unconventional resort. Most of the record trout have been taken from the lake near here and there are several small streams handy with smaller but no less gamy cousins of the big Tahoe fellows. A bathing beach enters shallow water here. From Glenbrook stages run to Carson City; where connections may be made for the Overland Route and also with the line that travels southward and ties up with the Kings River region, more fully described in that chapter. At Glenbrook too, terminates an automobile journey from Sacramento by way of Placerville, an alternate to the Cape-Horn route already mentioned. From early July to early September, additional steamer service connects Glenbrook with Tahoe tavern by way of Carnelian Bay and Brockway. Brockway is at the northern end of the lake, with the fishing particularly good. Here are well-known hot mineral springs. Camping privileges are allowed at Carnelian Bay, where these semi-precious pebbles are found. There are cottages and tents for housekeepers.

The many lakes cannot be cited by their names here, most of them indeed, are nameless. Among the most important, as viewed from Mount Tallac, are Fallen Leaf Lake, 6,360 feet above the sea; Echo Lake, 7,420; Wright's Lake, about the same; Potter's Lake, 6,528; Grass Lake, 7,681; Cascade Lake, 6,720; Gilmore Lake, 8,100; Heather Lake, where heather closely akin to that of Bonny Scotland is found, 7,800; Eagle Lake above Eagle Falls and Emerald Bay.

On the road between Truckee and Tahoe are more mineral springs of iron and sulphur and soda-water, the nucleus of the Deer Park Springs resort. The fishing is good, both in the little stream that flows by the place and in several easily reached lakes. Webber Lake and Independence Lake are two famous bodies of water reached by stage from Truckee. Independence Lake is about fourteen miles from both Truckee and Boca. It is about two and a half miles long and half a mile wide. Dense groves of tamarack and pine surround it, with bold and rocky shores and a depth never determined, it having been but indifferently sounded. The Washoes say it is bottomless. Chiefly visited by anglers, it has great picturesqueness and the accommodations are good. Four miles away to the north is Mount Lola, 11,000 feet high. The season runs from early June to the end of September.

Webber Lake, just short of seven thousand feet high, is framed by prettily wooded hills. Its waters are very clear and pure and the angling fraternity long ago claimed it for one of their choicest spots. White Rock Peak, with a lake at its foot, rises some twenty-five hundred feet above the lake with Webber Peak facing it. The mountains break at the southern end in Meadow Lake Pass, their crests all above ten thousand feet. Webber Lake falls have a descent of over a hundred feet and are three-quarters of a mile away from the lake. A mile north is a beautiful little body of water called the Lake of the Woods, only about forty acres in extent, but charmingly beautiful. The season is as at Independence.

Webber Lake is practically circular, with a diameter of about a mile. A good road surrounds it and extends to the places mentioned, including Observation Point, a peak from which three hundred miles of mountainous country may be seen.

These are the places on the traveled trails of the Tahoe Country. To the adventurous there are many wonder-places not often visited save by the sportsman and the mountaineer. The forks of the American River, the banks of the Rubicon and a hundred streams all offer generous welcome to those who love the solitudes.

The Yosemite Valley

In the rugged recesses of the Sierra Nevada, where the mountains of our western coast achieve their grandest scales of height and depth, the "Range of Light," as John Muir calls it, from its dazzling display of sunlit glaciers, gleaming falls and forests of silver fir and pine, its cliffs adazzle with direct and reflected lights, shadowed by clouds brilliant in full shine, glistening after rain or resplendent with the refraction of snow and frost crystals; in the hollows of this mighty granite pile lie many wonderful valleys that are both parks and gardens with their groves and flowers.

The Yosemite National Park holds a central section of the range, thirty-six miles in length and forty-eight in breadth. In the heart of it, opposite San Francisco and about a hundred and forty miles away, is the famous Yosemite Valley, with its granite domes and cliffs, its glacial cañons, its polished pavements and amphitheaters, its cataracts roaring over cliffs that lift their crests half a mile above the valley floor, its merry streams and river gleaming amid verdant groves and meadows furred with flowers, and, all about it, the High Sierra with its white ranks of peaks, its chains of lakes and great forests of giant, age-old trees—Yosemite, a spot of infinite loveliness set as a resting-place amid the stress and turmoil of the mighty world-making of the mountains, serene from the stupendous labor of the storms, the lightnings and the avalanches of the upper range.

Let us endeavor with the aid of map and picture to point out the way and some places of vantage. From north and south the Southern Pacific joins the Yosemite Valley Railroad at Merced, and the latter transports the traveler eighty miles along the beautiful Merced River to the threshold of the park—El Portal. The trip of two hundred and thirty-two miles can be made easily from San Francisco to the park boundary, from which point the valley is reached in a short drive of fifteen miles. The floor of the valley is four thousand feet above the surf and the place is in the innermost stronghold of the Sierra, yet electric lights, steam-heat and the telephone and telegraph chain it to the workaday world below. In the valley are comfortable tent villages and the excellent Sentinel and Glacier Point hotels. One lacks for no comfort and the place is accessible the year round. Winter trips to Yosemite have become very popular and accommodations are arranged since the opportunity for a real winter in California has opened, with the joys of skeeing, skating and tobogganing. The glory of the place, in the winter season, with its great bastions roofed with curving parapets of white, its falls silent and frozen, its trees draped with the starry blossoms of the snow, is wonderfully impressive and the trip a vast enjoyment to the Californian, to whom winter usually means sunny beaches, flowering uplands, orange groves and rose bowers.

Yosemite Valley is a great chasm surrounded by walls often sheer, as that of the Half Dome, with its five thousand feet of vertical drop, and El Capitan, with its thirty-three hundred feet of cliff, but of wonderful variety of form—a corridor of stone, once awful in its nakedness, with streams of ice and torrents of water, avalanches of rock and snow howling amid its elemental silence and leaving their indelible inscriptions for future ages to decipher. Now each ice stream is a little river, the glacier cascades are foaming falls, the trails of the avalanche are marked with woods and the great Yosemite Glacier itself is a park of verdure, of clustering trees and a silver river. Through an atmosphere of trembling crystal, the

A biplane view of Yosemite Valley. See opposite page for titles to the numbers.

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A general plan of the Valley.

iris dust of cataracts tumbles over cliffs of pearl and their voices mingle with the soft winds, the rustling leaves, and sound like the surf beating on the beaches, four thousand feet below. Emerald verdure carpets the ice-ground floor of the great stone corridor, the terrible fractures of the upheaved, ice-tortured cliffs, are hidden by quivering curtains of broken light and shade as the clouds fly in airy tumult above and the emerging sun opens up azure spaces. The domes are smoothed by distance, the stern recesses of the walls hold cool pools of violet shade, many of the rocks are crystalline and everything is a-quiver with light, vibrant with the impulse of the sun shafts, alive with the vigor of world growth.

Glacier mud makes the grandest of gardens and everywhere, on the slopes, as on the floor of the valley, verdure is exuberant. The flora of the valley is remarkable in its range from Alpine shrubs and flowers to blooms that flourish at sea-level. There are some nooks of the valley where flowers blossom in these miniature gardens the year round, living on stored-up sunshine in the crags surrounding them. Everywhere that soil can rest, flowers spring up. Lilies, larkspur and lupine, honeysuckle, purple primrose, violets white and violets blue, painter's-brush, Mariposa tulips, mints and sunflowers, orchids and moccasin flowers, scarlet snow-plants, daisies, geranium and goldenrod, spiraea, columbine and harebells, gilias and phloxes. Of the shrubs are azalea and rhododendron, wild lilac, wild cherry, wild rose, laurel, ceanothus, manzanita, dwarf-oak and willow and chinquapin. There are ferns of every size from plumy woodwardias eight feet high to dainty ivy ferns, delicate maidenhairs and tiny tufted fronds that grow among the rocks. About them are butterflies and humming-birds, warblers, tanager and oriole, woodpeckers and nuthatches, jays and robins, sparrows, sagecocks (grouse) and quail, partridges, water-ouzels; in the winter ducks and geese, the strange Clarke crow, with hawks and eagles in the higher places. Brilliant lizards dart about, squirrels raise happy families, mountain beaver, woodchuck and woodrat, coyote, fox and wildcat, deer and bear; all haunt the valley, shy according to your degree of fellowship, and all prosperous under governmental rule.

The floor itself on which stand the hotels and tent encampments in pleasant and picturesque places, has for its center a level meadow, swelling and rolling in billowy waves toward the cliffs, waves that bear flowers upon them like flecks of foam. The river, augmented by the falls and by a multitude of silvery founts, winds through the verdant vale; the "Mad" Merced, some call it from the foamy tumult of its cataracts and rapids, some the "Merry" Merced, from the happy song it sings as it hastens on. Above it bend the tasseled alders, the graceful willows and flowering dogwood. From the heights the stretches of shrubbery, groves of pine and black oak, the flowered meadows with the ever-shifting bands and spots of cloud shadow, turn the valley into a mosaic of charming color. One of the things to marvel at is the exquisite proportionment of it all; the little white violets that border Mirror Lake are as much in place, as much at home, as the highest minaret of snow that tangles the clouds or the mighty bulk of El Capitan.

A good general idea of the valley may be gained from the two maps presented. Entering the valley by the El Portal road, the eyes are first caught by the Bridal Veil Fall, called by the Indians "Pohono" (Spirit of the Evil Wind), which comes over the cliffs on the west side of Cathedral Spires, known as the Three Graces (Wahwahlenah).

The fall is very beautiful and dwarfs effectively the highest of European

cataracts, not merely in volume but in its precipitous surroundings. The sheer drop of the water, which glides over its glacier-worn lip with an outward curve, is broken, dropping clear six hundred feet and then rushing over a pile of debris to fall three hundred more. From most viewpoints the plunge seems sheer. The fall assumes the aspect of a lacy veil, fastened at top and bottom and swayed by the breeze, fluttering in an illusion that makes the name appropriate. From the cauldron, eddying forth and upward, rises a mist, drifting like smoke, and here, at the end of the afternoon, the setting sun makes sport of the spray and turns the watery element to a semblance of fire with brilliant rainbows that span the stream like vivid ribbons and set the wet turf and leaves glowing with iridescence. Broken rainbows quiver down and are met by others wavering up, the wonderful opalescence of it all making it a scene of infinite beauty. In the winter long icicles hang like curtains beside the fall and ice masses hold grottoes roofed with glittering points.

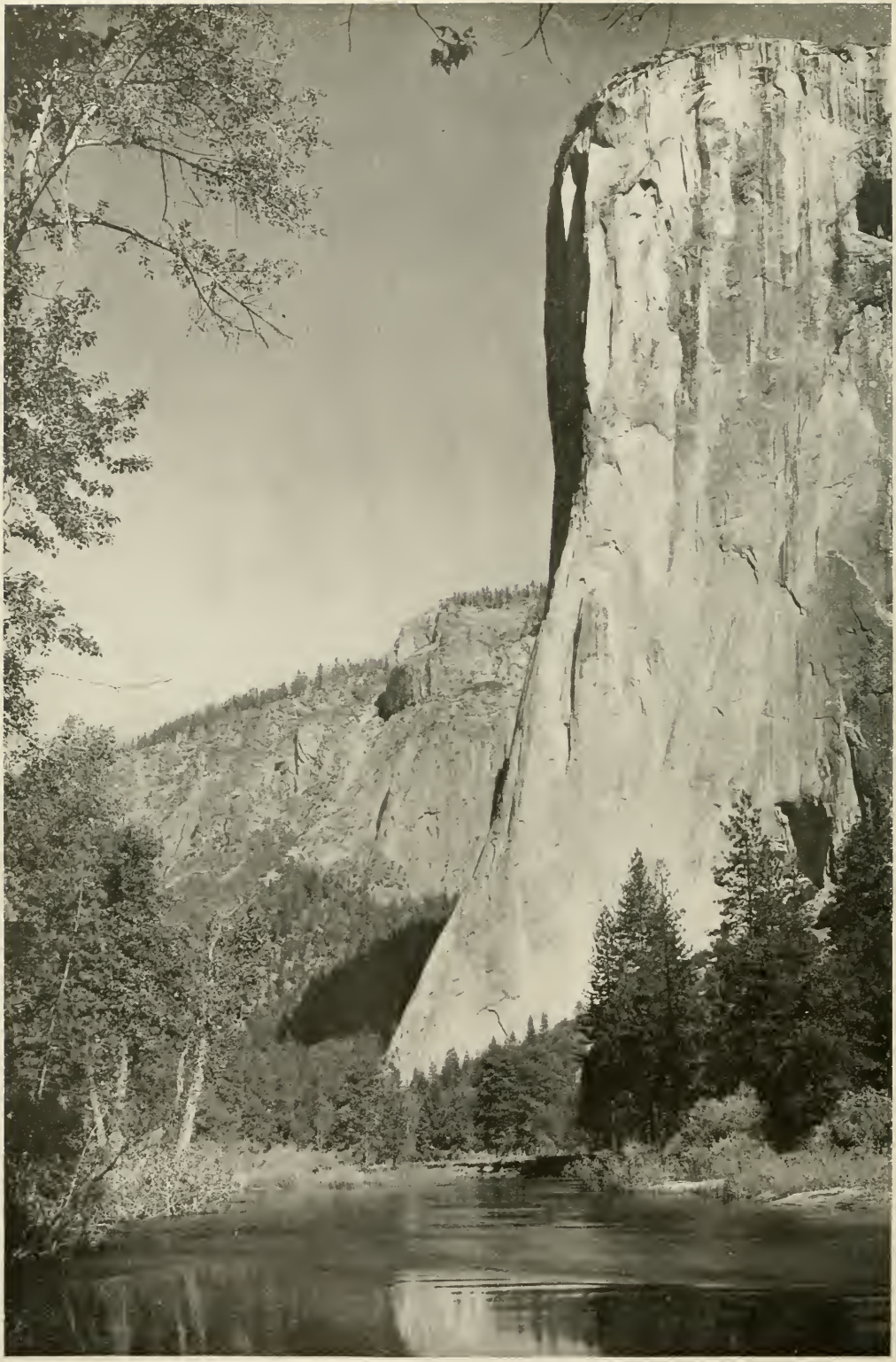
Behind the Three Graces lie Cathedral Rocks or Spires, a great mass forming one gatepost of the valley as El Capitan does the other and very suggestive of the Duomo at Florence. One pinnacle rises solitary seven hundred feet, the highest reaching twenty-six hundred and sixty feet above the floor.

Opposite is El Capitan—"Tutockahnulah" (Great Chief of the Valley) the Indians call it, knowing it as the abiding-place of their guardian deity. Greatest of granite precipices, it rises apparently in perpendicular ascent, though this is not really the case, its base being actually advanced twelve hundred feet from the plumb-line of the brink. Its noble severity of white stone is capped by austere brows that jut over the edge. The lines of fracture and a few weather-broken black pines that cling in the cliffs accentuate its beauty. Thirty-three hundred feet is the height of this tower that alone would rivet admiration to the valley; sixteen hundred acres are held up in its surface; its stupendous bulk can be seen fifty miles away. Over a recess in the granite pours the narrow ribbon of the "Virgin's Tears," or Ribbon Fall. The Indians call it "Lungyoluckoya," which means "The Long and Slender One."

Beyond El Capitan stands a group of three cliffs, thirty-eight hundred and thirty feet in height, of a formation not unlike the Three Graces and called the Three Brothers, though the tallest is also known as Eagle Peak and is the incentive of a trail from the valley. "Mountains Playing Leapfrog," say the Indians, or in the Mono dialect, "Pompompasus."

Facing the Three Brothers stands the Watchtower—"Loya"—of the Indians, doubtless used by them for that purpose. It is a magnificent wall of perpendicular granite ending in a peak thirty-one hundred feet above the valley, known now as the Sentinel. On one side, obscured from the road, cascades descend three thousand feet and are called from their opacity, "Buttermilk Falls." Here, too, is the first of the conoidal domes of the valley, whose storm-worn top shows in concentric plates similar to the brow of El Capitan, like battle-battered mail. This slants forty-one hundred and forty-two feet from the floor and is on the path that rims the valley here—Pohono Trail. At its foot is the social center of Yosemite, the Sentinel Hotel and Camp Ahwahnee being in its shadow, looking toward Camp Lost Arrow opposite at the foot of Yosemite Falls, and to Camp Curry higher up the valley.

Yosemite Falls are directly opposite the Sentinel Hotel and Camp Lost Arrow



El Capitan, greatest of granite precipices, nearly three-quarters of a mile high.

sits at their feet. Their real grandeur is hardly apparent at first sight from the valley, so lacy seems the scarf of water that waves in greeting from the cliff, although the stream as it rushes over the lip of the first cataract—for there are three divisions to the fall—is thirty-five feet wide, and when the volume is at its greatest the roar of the shattered water can be heard all over the valley, reverberating from cliff to cliff and shaking windows a mile away. In earlier days, doubtless, it leaped in one great plunge from brow to base, twenty-six hundred feet of descent, but the cliff face has been shaken down so that the first plunge measures now but sixteen hundred feet, followed by cascades for eight hundred feet more and a final jump of four hundred feet. From the trail the waters seem, as they gleam through the trees, to drop the half-mile in one wild dash, but so vast are the cliffs, so towering their height, that the vast body of water seems minimized.

Indian Cañon is just beyond Yosemite Falls, so called because the Indians used it as their entrance and exit trail to the valley. The western portal of the cañon is Yosemite and opposite, in the great eastern wall that forms the base of the North Dome, are the curious Royal Arches, huge concave recesses in the granite formation, largely made up here of the enormous concentric plates peculiar to the region. The arches are formed by the fractured edges of these layers, broken off by the chisel of the frost. Down them trickles for one thousand feet a tiny streamlet, the Royal Arch Falls, known to the Indians as Tokay. The North Dome rises to an elevation of thirty-seven hundred and twenty-five feet. The extreme angle of the valley wall at this point is a rock tower known as Washington Column. Here the valley forks to the northeast in Tenaya Cañon, with the great Half Dome and Mirror Lake as its especial wonders.

Returning to Sentinel Rock on the south wall of the valley proper, above the Sentinel Hotel, a massive cliff, thirty-two hundred and thirty-four feet high, juts out into Glacier Point, accessible by trail and the greatest viewpoint in the valley. On its brow rocks project which the adventurous may achieve and from which a pebble dropped will fall to the talus three thousand feet below without hindrance. A railing protects visitors from dizziness. There is a good hotel at the summit and from here the stage starts for the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. At its foot is Camp Curry.

The floor of the valley is usually explored first, the rim reserved for more ambitious excursions. Tenaya Cañon tempts with its beauties, of which the Half Dome—or South Dome—dominates. This wonderful formation is as unique as the Matterhorn. Its name instantly suggests its shape. Here is a face of fractured, polished granite rising five thousand feet above the valley, eighty-nine hundred and twenty-seven feet above sea-level. For two thousand feet from the summit the wall is vertical in its cleavage; below that it slopes outward, not in talus but in solid rock; the debris at the foot is scanty, entirely insufficient to suggest the vanished half, if such there were. Some geologists claim it has sunk in the granitic ooze.

Mirror Lake in Tenaya Cañon, two and a half miles of meadow way, should be visited early in the morning, when the reflections are most perfect. It is the gem of the valley, ringed with verdure, repeating in its placid surface Mount Watkins and the superb Half Dome. The drive, or better still the walk, is a pleasant pilgrimage up into the recesses of the valley. Cathedral Spires and the Three Brothers close the gateway behind you, serene in the dawn. The road beneath the Sentinel is shaded by trees and through them you glimpse the airy column of

Yosemite swaying in the early breeze, sounding a chant to the coming day. So morn comes upon the mountain, like a pink blossom from the sheath of night, almost timidly at first, touching with rosy tenderness the scarred faces of the cliff and then, exultantly, in glory of gold and purple, heralded by clouds that glide across the summit and throw their opalescent doubles in the lake. Exquisite by moonrise, the dawn is really the time for the visit, and thoughts of cold, gray hours need not disturb, as Mirror Lake awakens later than the Sentinel. Beyond the Half Dome is the Quarter Dome, and beyond that Clouds' Rest, sixty-one hundred and fifty feet above the valley, more than ten thousand above sea-level, the last mountain of the Tenaya Cañon. A long trail of fifteen miles leads to Clouds' Rest by way of Nevada Falls. The Half Dome may be conquered from the trail that leads to its base, eleven miles, by a clamber of a mile and a somewhat perilous rope ascent of nine hundred feet.

Beyond Glacier Point the Merced River curves as it emerges from a wild gorge with titanic walls. Here mounts the saddle train climbing to the rim of the valley, up past the turbulent Merced, foaming about the Happy Isles in the shadow of perpendicular cliffs, conspicuously banded with purple lichens that grow wherever the water trickles. To the south Glacier Point rounds into a pocket of which the eastern cliff is known as Panorama Rock, four thousand feet above the river and the highest and most continuous wall of the valley. Splashing into the recess tumble the South Fork or Illilouette Falls, in Indian, "Tululowehack" (Rushing Water). There are finer cataracts to come, however. From the bridge across the river the brilliant curtain of Vernal Falls shines gloriously through a setting kept vividly green by the perpetual baptism of its spray. The trail leads directly to the top of the falls and there is a natural parapet of granite from which to watch the river pouring over the square-cut edge, eighty feet in width, falling in a green and azure mantle, fringed with silver spray where the rainbows dance as long as the sun shines. Three hundred and fifty feet is the direct descent, breaking into tumultuous cascades. "Pyieack" (Sparkling Water) is the Mono name and there is a sad but pretty legend connected with it. A mile and a half farther up the trail is "Yowive" (the Twisted One), Nevada Falls, alongside of which the river leaps in successive rapids and cascades. Nevada Falls, with the splendor of the scenery about it, is one of the most beautiful cataracts in the world. Here is no tenuous film of wavering descent, but an impetuous snowy torrent bridging sixty feet in one surge that glances midway from sloping walls in a peculiar curve that adds to the picturesque effect. Above the pool at its base, rises Liberty Cap for two thousand impressive feet; Mount Broderick, eight thousand feet above sea-level, towers behind, while the sloping crest of the Half Dome is close by.

Other well-tried trails lead by Yosemite Falls to Eagle Peak and the crest of El Capitan itself. One can climb to the very lip of the fall, five hundred feet below the verge of the actual cliff and look across the plunging, thundering fall, shattering the air with its roar, into the heart of the peaceful valley. From Eagle Peak, thirty-nine hundred feet, there is a splendid view of the Three Graces, Cathedral Spires, Yosemite Falls, the Half Dome and Clouds' Rest.

The trail of trails is that that leads to Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome. Marvelously engineered, the bridle path zigzags up, reaching its first stop twenty-three hundred and fifty feet above the river at Union Point, where there is a plateau just above a mass of granite shaped like a mighty arrowhead, eroded at the

base until its fall seems imminent. From Glacier Point the view takes in all the immediate peaks and many of the higher summits of the Sierra. The scene is sublime. Sharp brinks and precipices plunge into Yosemite on one side, into the dark gorge of Illilouette on the other. The Half Dome soars ethereal amid clouds. The whole northern base of the valley swims in pure light, the creamy cliff of El Capitan, Yosemite Falls, the Royal Arches and the North Dome. Up Tenaya Cañon, Mirror Lake flashes like a facet of a diamond and the distances blend into blue voids above which towers the naked structure of Clouds' Rest. Vernal and Nevada Falls gleam from Merced Cañon with Liberty Cap behind. The snowy peak of the Obelisk obscures many of the more distant summits, but a great portion of the snowy range, Mounts Starr-King, Hoffman, Lyell, Clark, Dana and the Merced group, covered with everlasting snows, upmounting to thirteen thousand feet; seem to swim in the azure—mountains, mystic, delectable; in their amethyst, their pearl and amber hues.

Sentinel Dome tops Glacier Point by nearly a thousand feet and can be climbed without difficulty. It lies about a mile and a half southward. From its summit the San Joaquin Valley and the Coast Range, nearly one hundred miles away, are to be distinctly seen. The south wall may be traversed along the Pohono trail and one notable feature is formed by the Fissures, clefts in the rock that reach down hundreds of feet, one being only four feet across. It is an experience to gaze into the abyss, a decided thrill, not altogether pleasant perhaps, and not to be lightly forgotten.

There is another trail, and a fine one, to Illilouette Creek and its dive into the gorge. These are the beaten trails, but all about and above the valley lies a marvelous country of meadows, lakes and gorges radiating from the great peaks of the Sierra Nevada. The annual excursions of the Sierra Club have blazed the way for others and for those who have the leisure, here lies a region of surpassing beauty; much of it practically virgin, where, far from the haunts of men, Nature may be studied in her wildest, in her mildest moods.

About fifteen miles from Yosemite, as the biplane goes, is the Tuolumne River, roaring through a mighty cañon opening out into the Hetch Hetchy Valley, with many majestic waterfalls and cliffs and domes. The Hetch Hetchy fall drops in a series of beautiful cascades for seventeen hundred feet. Trails lead by El Capitan to this region or by Tenaya Cañon to the head of the Tuolumne gorge through the Tuolumne meadows and, for the hardy and experienced, the Kings and Kern River region may be reached through Indian Cañon.

The Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, generally visited in connection with the Yosemite Valley trip, is readily reached from the valley. It is treated of more fully in the chapter on the "Sequoias of the Sierra."

The South Dome, Kings River Canon, where crystal waters glide between tree-set shores and lofty granite walls.

The Kings and Kern Rivers Region

The Groves of Big Trees and Cañons of the Rivers of the High Sierra

The great gorges where roll the rivers of Kings and Kern and in the angle between which stand mighty forests of the Sequoia trees, the oldest of all living things, lie south and eastward from Yosemite Valley, a part of the same Sierra Nevada, amidst its loftiest peaks and wildest solitudes. From Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome in Yosemite, the snow-clad summits of this region may be distinctly seen and daring mountaineers have traveled the rough trails that lie between. Of late new and better roads connecting with the railway have brought this wild region within easy reach of the traveler, while the increasing interest shown has resulted in excellent accommodations in the heart of the great solitude.

The pioneer mountaineers of California, such as Josiah Dwight Whitney, John Muir, William H. Brewer and Clarence King, long ago exploited the rugged splendors of the region and for many years the sportsmen of the San Joaquin Valley have penetrated its recesses in the certain reward of game in plenty. Now every season makes the glories of this land of the sky better known, a wonderland of trackless snows that lift against a sky of turquoise, granite crags yet raw from the matrix of the world; lakes of heavenly blue; velvet meadows starred with flowers, cataracts and foaming rivers, streams of silver hurrying always downward, seaward; forests of firs and pines and groves of ancient Sequoias, their shafts of purple and gold standing in stately temples; buttress, ridge and gorge, ravine and amphitheater and pass; and crests of serrated ice and granite worn by the constant grinding of ice into the wild forms that make the name, Sierra Nevada, so appropriate.

The way is open from May until October, starting with the Southern Pacific valley line between San Francisco and Los Angeles. The train is left at Visalia, where connecting electric transportation runs to Lemon Cove. From there the stages of the Kings River Stage and Transportation Company travel over good roads to the Kings River Cañon and the grove of Big Trees. The cañons of the Kern and the Kaweah rivers can also be achieved through this gateway, as well as by way of Porterville, on the railroad, and thence by stage to California Hot Springs, within easy trail distance; or by stage direct to Nelson's Camp, headquarters for pack trails to the southern end of the Kern Cañon. A glance at the accompanying map will show the South Fork of the Kings River, which flows in what is known as Kings River Cañon, and the Kern River and its gorge, running roughly, the one due west and the other south, forming a right angle, bisecting which are the Kaweah River (Marble Cañon) and its forks. North and east of the right angle are the great peaks and passes of the divide leading toward the deserts. In the angle itself, crossed by well-marked trails and roads, lies the great Sierra Forest Reserve, the Sequoia and Grant National parks and the California Grove of Big Trees.

The cañon of the Kings River has been best exploited and is the easiest of access. John Muir calls it "a second Yosemite" and Josiah Dwight Whitney, head of the State Geological Survey, said of it, that "it strongly resembles Yosemite in some of its grand features." The cañon is much vaster and does not present the continuous succession of sheer, unbroken walls, nor has it any actual equals

for the magnificent waterfalls, yet there are many unique domes and monuments, such as Tehipitee Dome, the Sphinx and the Videttes, and it is much closer to the summit of the range, so that from neighboring peaks panoramas may be viewed unsurpassed even in the European Alps.

The cañon incloses the South Fork of the Kings River, which races between the smooth, hard granite walls in a line so comparatively straight as not to obscure a lengthy view of its magnificence. The clear waters, with, in the quieter reaches, every detail of the bottom mosaic of rocks and pebbles clearly seen, dash crystalline between the walls that, now in dark shadow, now in brilliant light, slope away at high angles. Sometimes a tributary stream comes tumbling in cascades through a narrow ravine, or falls from some waterway high up among the precipices. Here and there are fine meadows, patterned with grass and flowers and shaded by stately pines and cedars. The South Fork divides itself in turn into a gorge, well-named Paradise Cañon, an Eden of green pastures and clear waters, and the ravine of Bubbs Creek, a giant's stairway leading to Kearsarge Pass, which crosses the continental divide at an elevation of twelve thousand feet, surrounded by a hundred snow-fed streams and glacial lakes. Down the steps of this staircase bounds and tumbles a beautiful stream, most unromantically christened Bubbs Creek. From the trail that parallels it, may be reached lakes known as Rae, Charlotte and Bryanthus, drowned glaciers all of them, shadowed by a wilderness of gleaming crags and peaks that laugh at summer. There are the pyramids of the West and East Videttes, Mounts Rixford, Bradley and Gardener, while across the wide reaches of Lake Bryanthus, Mount Brewer lifts a hoary profile.

Here is the summit of the continent, the very edge of the world; so that on the worn granite of Kearsarge Pass, twelve thousand and fifty-six feet above the sea, highest of all Sierra passes, one stands on the dividing ridge, one foot on the east, one on the western slope, astride the naked vertebrae of the Sierra. Granite battlements descend eastward in great scarps and precipices to sunny Owens Valley, where, too far below for recognition, the railroad waits your will; not the same line you entered by, but one that parallels it, with the range between, and can take you, circling, back to San Francisco by way of Lake Tahoe and the Overland Route. Westward the sunlight streams upon the shining spires of dense and unbroken forests, climbing everywhere the surface gives the barest encouragement, up to the line of perpetual snow. Here are pines with purple trunks that tower two hundred and fifty feet high, trimmed with feathery branches of living green, dwarfed only by the proud Sequoias that, with centuries behind them, look down from a superiority of yet another hundred feet. Open meadows sit in the sun, granite piles are thrust out of the mass of green and purple, shifting in checkered color as the cloud shadows pass above.

By Paradise Cañon also, in circuitous route, may these heights be achieved, following up the river that beats its way to the main gorge in foaming assaults of cascade and cataract. Mist Falls, tumbling over a series of inclines, is the most picturesque and famous. The way leads up the western side of the ravine, then, crossing, follows Woods Creek to the lakes already mentioned. Here are particularly alluring mountain meadows, glacier-made and now turned into wild gardens, repeating in yet greater measure all the wondrous flora of Yosemite. Trees group about them and shade the campers, who can feast their eyes in perfect content upon their immediate surroundings, solitary, yet relieved from loneliness by

the very beauty of the place, the intimacy of flower faces, the cheerful notes of the birds; or explore a hundred cañons to the quiet nooks of which they are likely to be pioneer adventurers.

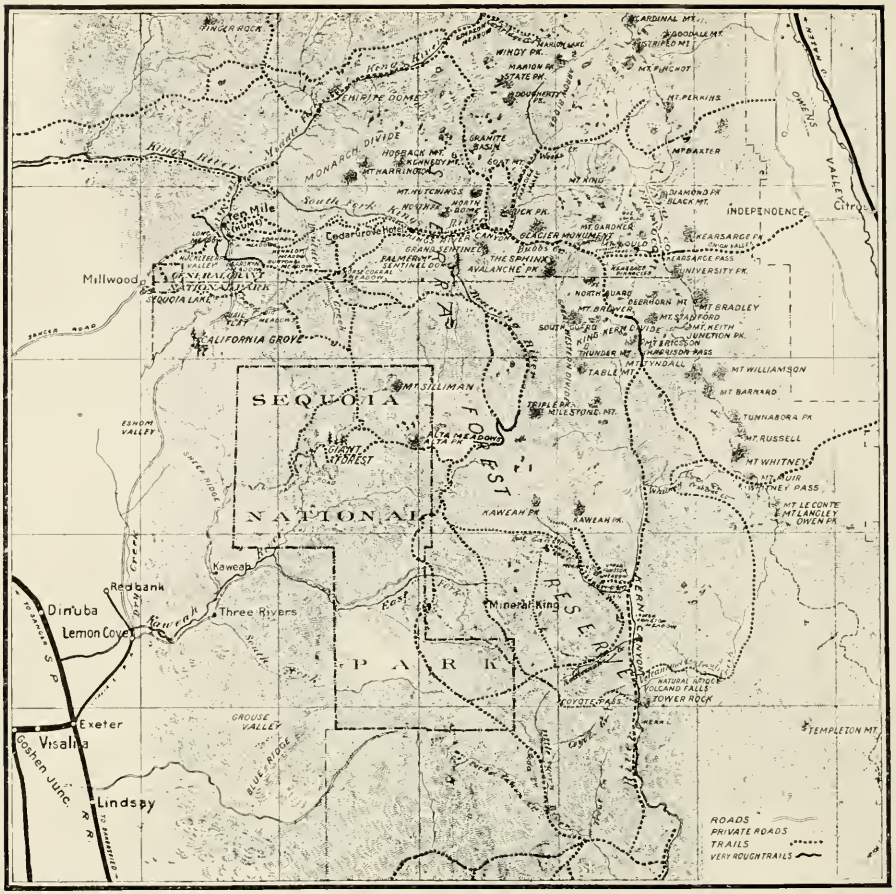
There is a magnificent ravine, one of the grandest of Sierra cañons, that walls the Middle Fork, and which is comparatively unknown. Here there is a more than usually beautiful camping-place known as Simpson's Meadow, a mile in length, a mosaic of grass and flowers, shaded with tall pines. Here, too, is Tehipitee Dome, a clean cut, conoidal cliff ending in an almost perfect spherical cap, thirty-four hundred and eighty feet above the river. There is a fine series of spires also called Tehipitee Pinnacles. At their foot are fine waterfalls and more again on Cartridge Creek, a tributary of this splendid cañon.

Camp Kanawyer, on Copper Creek, is the supply base and excursion center for the Kings River Cañon. The stage that leaves Lemon Cove, the terminal of the electric railway that runs from Visalia station on the main valley line of the Southern Pacific, starts at seven o'clock and reaches Juanita Meadows for lunch, an eighteen-mile drive. Here, at a delightful mountain resort, a stay is made until the following morning, when the stage is mounted once more for a twelve-mile jaunt to Quail Flat. The mountain way runs directly by Redwood Mountain and through the California Grove of Big Trees, where government gaugers have counted over eight thousand trees of the Sequoia gigantea. It is the largest forest of the largest trees in the world, thousands of them being over three hundred feet high, twenty-five feet diameter and between two and three thousand years old, to say nothing of the prize, particular giants. The grove grows in the saddle at the foot of Little Baldy Mountain on hills of easy slope. There is a summer camp established here that also furnishes outfits and there are scores of camping-places by peaceful streams.

This by the way, Quail Flat lies two miles farther. Here the stage is left to pursue its run to Hume (once called Ten-Mile) and the saddle train is formed for Big Meadows, six miles off, where a real mountain camp is established for the night.

By the way once more, a four-mile trail leads from Quail Flat to the General Grant National Park. Here General Grant, one of the largest of Sequoias, has a base diameter of forty feet and here is the historic tree stump from which was taken the slab for the Centennial Exhibition, on which many a set of lancers has been adequately enjoyed in the days of square dances. In these forests John Muir measured a stump, one hundred and forty feet high, thirty-six feet in diameter above the swell of the roots, of which the annular wood rings counted up to over four thousand. Think of that, builders of monuments—temples and pyramids crumble, dynasties rise and are forgotten; but the Sequoia knows Time as a comrade.

After the night camp at Big Meadows the saddle train moves on for Kings River Cañon and on the way by Horse Corral reaches a summit overlooking the cañon from where the road dips and turns and zigzags down thirty-three hundred feet with glorious glimpses of the cañon and its mighty walls in alternate light and shadow, that inspire and truly prophesy of great delights to come. One wants to linger by the way, as delightful vistas rise of sunny cliff, dark gorge, green, glittering waves of foliage and, in the distance, the "Delectable Mountains," shimmering behind a veil of filmy distance. The animals have hunger and feel it, if you ignore yours, so the train moves on to Cedar Grove, the first stop in the cañon, where there is a hotel built on government land. Here the river flows by clustering



MAP OF THE KINGS AND KERN RIVERS' REGION
Drawn from maps of the U. S. Government Survey, the Sierra Club and private sources, showing roads, trails and railroad connection

cedars, the mountains are all about and there are trout for lunch. Afterward, six more miles of trail up the cañon and on to Copper Creek. The ride is hardly a foretaste of what is yet to come, yet you perpetually think the best has been reached, that surely this meadow must have been overlooked as the best camping-place, that nowhere can the stream be more beautiful, the walls and pinnacles grander, until, gazing always upward like the proverbial countryman in town, you reach Kanawyer's, unkink your neck and promptly crick it once more to gaze at the grand Sentinel, rearing its granite brows thirty-five hundred feet above you, looking up and down the cañon to enchanted views, the river singing at its feet. The camp is beneath the trees, here are good beds and other comforts and here more trout, perfectly crisped in olive-oil. It is the Camp of Satisfied Desire. With Kanawyer's as headquarters, there are many short trips besides extended excursions through the cañon, to Paradise Cañon and Bubbs Creek. Roaring River Falls is one, where the river, fighting its way through the solid rock, suddenly plunges headlong into a pool, vivid with hidden lights as an emerald, and enlivened with husky, hustling rainbow-trout. It is impossible to tire of walks about the cañon and the stream, where tiger-lilies cluster and golden sunflowers nod smilingly down at the daisies. It is a rest-place, Kanawyer's, always to be remembered, whether

your stay be lengthy or only that of a passer-by to deeper solitudes. From here all the principal trails radiate, and retracing them you feel as if returning home. It is the outpost, beyond which lies the unknown, where comforts are commensurate with camping skill and one grows to admire if not to love the qualities of a pack burro as guide, philosopher and friend. The Middle Fork, with Tehipitee Dome and its gorge, is made easiest from Cedar Meadows, the luncheon stop before Kanawyer's, and is a trip of three to five days. At Trimmer Springs, reached by stage from Sanger, on the Southern Pacific, there is a good hotel and another convenient starting-point for Tehipitee and the region generally.

The Kern River Cañon, more extensive than that of Kings River, is to the full as interesting. Its lower end can be expeditiously reached by way of Porterville and the California Hot Springs stage or from Cedar Grove and Horse Corral on the way to Kanawyer's. At California Hot Springs is a good hotel, tents and cottages with bathing facilities. Kern River Cañon is a trip entirely sufficient to itself, though the ramble through the gorges of both Kings and Kern can be accomplished in a summer holiday, visiting Kings River first and Kern Cañon from Horse Corral on the way home. Yet another route leads from Kanawyer's up Bubbs Creek and over Kearsarge Pass, down the eastern slope to Independence and Lone Pine and into the cañon from the east. So a circle may be swung, or rather a triangle covered, from Kanawyer's to the cañon over the route last mentioned and from Kern Cañon back to Horse Corral without retracing a step. If the trail be reversed to lead from Horse Corral to the cañon, the way out by Independence may be diversified by taking a short stage ride from there to Citrus on the railroad, and so northward to Mound House and Carson City, from there by stage to Glenbrook and Lake Tahoe, with its direct Overland Route connections.

The trail from Horse Corral runs to Alta Meadows, where Alta Peak, eleven thousand five hundred feet high and easily climbed, offers as impressive a view of the summit peaks as any crest in the region. Not far west is the Giant Forest in the Sequoia National Park, with a trail connecting, though a stage road leads directly to it from Lemon Cove, striking northeasterly from the road to California Grove and the Kings River Cañon. The way from Alta Meadows to the trees leads by Mount Silliman and Panther Peak direct to Camp Sierra at Round Meadow, in the heart of the Giant Forest, a delightful place with the Big Trees standing all about, a clear stream close by, the ground carpeted with brown pine-needles, the vistas clear from underbrush; like Kanawyer's, another excellent center from which to exploit the region. The Giant Forest itself is in the great Sequoia National Park, which is protected, as the Yosemite National Park, by United States troopers. The great tree "General Sherman," dating back well beyond the birth of Hannibal and Alexander, a lusty giant when Caesar's generals conquered Britain, is on the trail, most symmetrical of trees, with two hundred and eighty feet of slowly tapering column and eighty feet of girth. The tallest tree here, if it should boast by inches, could claim four thousand and eighty of them. Rob Roy, a lonely Sequoia, on an isolated ridge near Kings River Cañon, is one hundred and nine feet around the base and four hundred feet high, but General Sherman is of distinctive beauty, a type for all trees that aspire to height. There are more than three thousand trees here that have over three hundred feet of stature, among them "Abraham Lincoln" and "Roosevelt," besides a host of

The descent to Kern River Canon from the Chagoopa Creek Trail.

lesser growth. A government road winds through the park and at its lower end is Morro Rock, a broken dome with two thousand feet of vertical front and a great viewpoint. Close by are many pleasant picnic trips, to Crescent Meadows and to the Marble Cañon Fork of the Kaweah River, where vertical rocks of creamy white surround emerald pools and fish feed free from the reach of the longest lines. Sunset Rock is a prominence from which may be seen the San Joaquin Valley and, faintly, the Coast Range.

Returning to Alta Meadows en route from the Kern River, the trail swings by Mineral King Valley and Farewell Gap to Coyote Pass, which enters the cañon at its lower end opposite Volcano Creek, home of the golden trout, the very Midas of fishes, encarnadined and golden, clad in royal robes, as it deserves, of cadmium, orange and crimson.

From Miner's Peak the plumes of the great Chagoopa forest spread like a velvet mantle, shining in the sun. There is the chasm of the Big Arroyo and there Kaweah Peaks, while, to the east, pyramidal peaks and high palisades surround Mount Whitney, the highest mountain of California, over fifteen thousand feet, and Mount Tyndall, fourteen thousand three hundred and eighty-six feet. Lake Columbine flashes between titanic granite boulders three thousand feet below.

The Kern River, blocked in one place by a landslide into what is known as Kern Lake, is a clear, cold torrent with a variety of trout all its own, big ones at that, running often to five-pounders.

All about here are active glaciers, grinding the rocks and making silt for streams to bear to fertile valleys. Curiously enough, Mount Whitney has none, though the highest peak; but Mount Lyell boasts a notable one. There are many grand mountains hereabout that have not been mentioned. Table Mountain, to the west, Mounts Tyndall, Williamson and Stanford to the east, all over fourteen thousand feet. Mount Muir, University Peak, thirteen thousand nine hundred and fifty feet, between which and Kearsarge Peak lies the Kearsarge Pass; the Elkhorn Mountains and the splintered Kearsarge Pinnacles with a chain of glacial lakes about them, reached by the Bubbs Creek trail. A wonderful country, with many beauties yet all unseen, unsuspected; the Land of the Sky where the mountains play shepherds to the clouds and bare their white brows to the knowledge of the infinite. As California's pioneer poet, Joaquin Miller, sings:

They stand in line of lifted snowy isles
High held above the toss'd and tumbled sea—
A sea of wood in wild unmeasured miles:
White pyramids of Faith where man is free;
White monuments of Hope that yet shall be
The mounts of matchless and immortal song: . . .

In the Mariposa Grove—The stage has just passed through the living archway of Wawona.

The Sequoias of the Sierra

Allied to their cousins of the coast, the redwoods of commerce (Sequoia sempervirens), the Sequoias of the Sierra are of sterner, grander growth, as their title—*gigantea*—denotes. They are the greatest of conifers and are as astonishing amid the pines and firs of today as if a mastodon should be found amid a troop of elephants. They are limited in their range, limited also strictly to California, occurring in groves or scattered over small areas; in vertical range approximately between five and seven thousand feet, in latitudes between thirty-six and thirty-eight degrees. Their age is disputable. Annular rings of one fallen monarch show at least four thousand years of growth before its fall. John Muir has noted that the gaps between the groves in the Kings River region show unmistakable traces of having been the pathways of great glaciers, so that the theory that these trees belong to the age of ice is tenable. Forefathers of the coast redwood trees lie petrified in Sonoma County; remains of the Sequoias in old rocks give proof of a most ancient origin. They are probably the oldest living things in the world and probably the greatest of all trees growing from a single trunk. Natural decay seems to know them not; most of them live long enough to have their tops struck by lightning and then the cropped head is often renewed. Fires oftener scorch than destroy them and storms that uproot them are their worst enemy. An average Sequoia of mature age stands about three hundred feet in height with thirty feet of diameter, its first boughs starting a hundred feet from the ground. Their trunks are straight and symmetrical, fluted columns of cinnamon and purple, with hearts of solid deep-rose wood. Their foliage is comparatively scanty with gracefully effective plumes made up of dense, tufted sprays of deep green, showing each year a tip of brighter green and mounting to a crowning dome in exquisite proportion to the pillared trunk.

They are in little danger of extermination, preserved as most of them are by national decree, as the trees vigorously produce cones of bright green, no larger than a pullet's egg, each containing approximately three hundred tiny seeds about an eighth of an inch long, inclosed within a filmy web that wafts them through the forest as lightly as snowflakes. No other tree is so fruitful, except the redwood, and millions of seeds are cast forth annually by every tree. Stored vitality seems to exist in every inch of them. They are thought to breathe and live through their laminated barks, as well as through their foliage and roots, a theory that may account for their colossal size. When fire and tempest attack and scar but do not destroy, the maimed bole will send out new life the next spring, and about a tree burned to the ground, others will spring. It is not uncommon to see a flourishing tree, as Wawona, in the Mariposa Grove, pierced by an archway through which a stagecoach can pass.

The discovery of the big trees was made in 1852 by A. T. Dowd, hunting for fresh meat to feed men digging a supply canal. Dowd was laughed at and had to employ a ruse to get others to the spot and re-establish his veracity. The redwoods of the coast were already known. They were first called Wellingtonia gigantea, but afterward Sequoia gigantea, as their relationship to the redwood, Sequoia sempervirens, was established. Sequoia, or Sequoyah, was a Cherokee Indian of mixed blood who constructed an alphabet and written language for his tribe, still in use, and applied with effective educational purpose. So that the

application of his name to the truly American tree by Endlicher, the botanist, is a worthy one.

The Sequoias of the Sierra are accessible, as are the redwoods of the coast, referred to in connection with Santa Cruz. They occur in five distinct groves, three of which, that in the General Grant National Park, the California Grove and the Giant Forest, have been already mentioned. The others are the Calaveras Grove and the Mariposa Grove near Yosemite, most famous of all.

The Calaveras Grove is reached by the Southern Pacific to Stockton and Oakdale and thence by the Sierra Railway to Angels, ending with a stage ride. The train leaving San Francisco in the morning reaches Angels in the evening and meets a stage for a seven-mile trip to Murphy's, where an all-night stop is made at Mitcheler's hostelry. Murphy's was in earlier days a rich mining center and the names of Angels and Calaveras County will naturally recall the stories of Bret Harte of Angels Camp, of "Truthful James," the "Calaveras Skull" and their companion masterpieces.

Leaving Angels, two hours' staging brings one well before luncheon to the grove, a drive through the fresh mountain air by plateaux overlooking a sea of treetops islanded with meadows. At the grove is a very excellent hotel, known as the Calaveras Big Tree Grove Hotel. There are ninety-seven noble trees from seventy to ninety-three feet in circumference ranging from three hundred to three hundred and sixty-five feet in height. One of these, the first discovered of this grove, was finally felled after five men had worried at it with pump augers for twenty-two days. Its stump has been smoothed, making a dancing floor, much used, twenty-five feet in diameter inside the bark.

Mariposa Grove in the Yosemite National Park is almost invariably visited in conjunction with the valley trip. The Mariposa Big Tree stage leaves the Valley at Sentinel Hotel or Glacier Point after luncheon and reaches the excellent Wawona Hotel for dinner. An early start next morning brings one to the trees by nine o'clock, while the sun is still casting lengthy shadows.

The Mariposa Grove of Big Trees was really discovered in 1855, an irrigation ditch and a hunter once more playing important roles. This time R. H. Ogg was out for venison for a camp working on a ditch survey. On his return from the waters of the South Fork of the Merced, he reported three large trees which he thought must be of the same species as those at Calaveras found by Hunter Dowd three years before. Galen Clark, an assistant on the survey, later settled on the South Fork where the Wawona Hotel is now located and on his excursions bore always the report of Ogg in his mind until, in May, 1858, when out with a companion, Milton Mann, on a hunt, they found what is now known as the Upper Grove first, then, a few days later, the Lower Grove, and in the fall, the three trees of Ogg, in a gulch half a mile away from their fellows. Indians showed Mr. Clark in the same year groves still farther south, known now as the Fresno and Dinky groves, like many other of the scattered groves of Sequoia, not readily accessible even now, and seldom visited.

In 1864 an act of Congress created the Mariposa Grove a state grant, but it has been since absorbed into the Yosemite National Park and is now patrolled and governed by United States troops, government regulations applying to all accommodation charges within the limits. When the surveyor proved the lines of the grove twenty-six years after their first survey, in chipping into the side of

one tree he found beneath the later growth the original marks of his predecessor—"XII." The rings in the superimposed wood numbered twenty-six, a faithful register of each year. This seems to be an authentic basis for the belief in annular rings, on which count it will be remembered that a fallen giant in the Kings River region showed over four thousand years by John Muir's tally. Conjecture the age of Grizzly Giant, which first greets the visitor to the lower grove. Twenty-two people can barely encompass its girth, finger-tips to tips. Eighteen horses, head to tail, just circle its base of ninety-three feet seven inches. Its first branch, a tree itself of twenty feet circumference, is one hundred and twenty-five feet from the ground. It still ripens its seeds with unfailing regularity, but John Muir thinks it has passed maturity and is really growing old. Five thousand birthdays have probably been vouchsafed to it.

When Galen Clark, who was for many years guardian of Yosemite, first knew the Upper Grove, there was exactly one big tree for every day in the year. Three of them have fallen since then. Here is the old log cabin of the keeper, a good sized dwelling dwarfed to a Peter Pan house by the big trees about it. The Lower Grove is a mile away, the original grant covering the trees being about four miles square. The name "Wawona" has been given to a tree pierced by an arch some ten feet square through which the loaded stage-coach drives. The tallest tree, three hundred and twenty-five feet, is named "Columbia." In the cavity of another, "The Haverford," sixteen horses have been stabled at one time. Most of the trees, as in the other well-known groves, have been named for presidents, generals and distinguished men and places, leading often to duplication of titles. On the "Fallen Monarch" of Mariposa a six-horse coach with sixteen passengers has been driven with ease. Roughly it weighs as it lies about three million pounds, with fifty thousand cubic feet of lumber in it, or enough to supply twenty-four miles of board fence six feet high. It is partly buried in six feet of soil accumulated since its fall hundreds of years ago, but its wood is sound, for the heart of a Sequoia seems beyond decay. The gnarled roots of this tree seem incapable of having supported it and it is a matter of surprise that these trees seem to depend upon their perfect poise and symmetry, rather than any great foundation, as might a Corinthian column. Their roots are never deep nor of much radiation.

In the Lower Grove are now standing two hundred and thirty-six trees of the two hundred and forty-one counted by Galen Clark in 1860. An interesting tree is the "Telescope," its two hundred feet tunneled by ancient fires, yet still living. One can almost see the stars at noonday through the tube, and to watch some great planet's eye blazing down after nightfall is an unique experience.

The Indian name for these trees is Wawona and, though they reverenced, they feared the somber woods and never camped within them. It was the white man Bryant spoke of when he said:

> The groves were God's first temples, ere man learned
> To hew the shafts, and lay the architrave,
> And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
> The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
> The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
> Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplication.

On the Russian River at Monterio, on the famous Triangle Trip.

The Bay Counties Region

Marin, Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Contra Costa Counties

The country bordering the northern shores of the great bay of San Francisco is one of great natural charm. Much of it lies along the coast line, all of it is nourished by an annual rainfall that keeps the region perpetually green. Much of it is contained within the counties of Marin, Sonoma, Napa and Lake. It is a section rock-ribbed and forested, watered by rivers, lakes and myriad springs, pitted with valleys, bossed with mountains. Railroads and electric lines exploit the region, connecting with stage and automobile facilities leading to the many summer resorts and mineral springs. Private motorists find an ever increasing fascination in the exploitation of this picturesque country.

In Marin County rises Mount Tamalpais, with its redwood forest and summit railway, already mentioned. About it are the bayside colonies of Belvedere, Sausalito and Tiburon and, clustering about a hundred delightful vales and cañons, are beauty loving communities, centering in the town of San Rafael. Many costly and beautiful homes are here and the place is practically a suburb of San Francisco. The county is a big game preserve, under the protection of private hunting clubs. There are many resorts where there is good hunting, boating and fishing, as at Inverness, Bolinas, Point Reyes and Fairfax. The Mission San Rafael, now in ruins, was established here as a sanitarium and rest-house for the padres in 1817.

Napa County, land of wooded hills and vine-set valleys, has a close resemblance with its ever-changing panorama of fertile valley to the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. It is a wonderfully fertile place and its dwellers are embowered amid fruits and flowers. There are famous mineral springs here, the principal being Aetna and the Napa Soda Springs. Across the border of Napa and Sonoma counties, surrounded by geysers and boiling springs, lies a petrified fallen forest, the largest known, giant trunks of stone, thought to be the progenitors of the present redwoods which now extend in a belt along the seacoast from Marin northward for two hundred miles.

In Sonoma County is much land that is yet a terra incognita except to hardy hunters and prospectors for mineral and lumber. Through it runs the picturesque Russian River, hill-set, tree-fringed. The high sea cliffs are clothed with dense forests of redwood and pine and amid its rocky hills are many charming valleys. In some of them live, in almost pioneer solitude, the families of those who crossed the plains and, finding these pleasant harborages, live content in surroundings still primeval, and hardly know the honk of an automobile or the whistle of a locomotive. The beauty of the land, particularly the charm of the Russian River, has caused the establishment of many delightful resorts, extending far back among the hills, to which a railroad gives easy access. The Triangle trip of the Northwestern Pacific is one of the famous one-day jaunts in America, through which in eleven hours from San Francisco one enjoys a boat ride across the bay close by the Golden Gate, and 150 miles of mountain and redwood forest. The route runs by Sausalito, through Sonoma Valley, fertile and populous; by Santa Rosa, home of the Wizard of the Vegetable Kingdom, Luther Burbank; up and along the Russian River and its many resorts to Monte Rio, close to what was once the center of attempted Russian

The fine roads and woodland views about Aetna Springs and the hotel at Byron Hot Springs.

colonization of California. The return is made along the coast by Tomales Bay, Point Reyes and San Anselmo to Sausalito. In Sonoma Valley was established, in 1823, the last of the missions, San Francisco Solano, of which the ruins now stand. There are picturesque buildings of adobe today in fine preservation that date back to their building near Petaluma by General Vallejo in 1836. The first olive orchard in California was planted in this county and is still producing. Like Marin and Napa, Sonoma is a prosperous and beautiful place with many homes, some of them country-places of city folk, where flowers and palms in the gardens are neighbors to orange groves, vineyards and all the fruits that grow elsewhere in the state. The petrified forest lies sixteen miles from Santa Rosa, principal of the towns scattered through the valleys of the county.

Lake County is the Switzerland of the West. Here, encircled by a mountain wall within a hundred miles of San Francisco, exempt from extremes of cold and heat and fog, are crystal lakes framed by emerald hills and embattled cliffs, while back of them rise snow-capped peaks. Here again is a land of springs, many of them medicinal, about which have sprung up popular resorts. Lake County is the incentive of many delightful touring trips for motorists, the way running by Sausalito, past San Rafael, through the wooded hills of Marin, up through the vineyards of Sonoma's famous wine country into Mendocino County, and so, over fine mountain roads, to Lake County. It is a wonderful ride through a part of California unlike any other section. Much of it is irresistibly suggestive of the vineyards of Burgundy and Languedoc, as its soils are closely parallel, and part of the road runs through the big and successful Italian-Swiss Colony of grape-growers and wine-makers.

The waters of Lake County are as beautiful as Killarney, far more accessible and with a far more delightful climate. Not the Lake Country of England nor Switzerland itself surpasses this home region of hill and dale and mountain and azure lakes girdled with orange groves and fruit orchards. Clear Lake is 1325 feet above the sea, is twenty-five miles in length and nine at its greatest width. Mount Konocti divides it at the Narrows into an upper and lower lake. Konocti is but four thousand feet high, but from the lake waters rises in a sheer cliff of 2,500 feet. Snow Mountain, one of the highest peaks, is above the seven-thousand-foot level. There are many private homes on the shores of the lake and on its waters yachts, steamers and launches. At Soda Bay is a popular resort. At Blue Lakes and at Laurel Dell Lake the beauties of the larger lake are reproduced in smaller but perhaps yet more effective scale. Here, too, are good accommodations. The springs and resorts of which the principal, such as Adams, Bartlett, Harbin, Howard, Seigler and Witter, are well equipped and the waters much used for the cures effected by hot and cold iron and sulphur springs. There are also many springs of sparkling table waters. All of them are within easy reach of Soda Bay on Clear Lake, which is reached by stage from Hoplands on the Northwestern Pacific and by the motor trip from San Francisco and Sausalito through the counties. The railroad has not yet burrowed through the mountain wall of Lake County, but halts a short distance off. To many this has proven no hindrance, and once they have peeped at the beauties of the place they have returned to build a retreat for themselves in a land that needs the inspiration of Moore or Wordsworth to sing of its delights.

From the hills of San Francisco, raising two grim peaks behind Oakland, Mount Diablo is in plain view. It looms distinct to the south from the mouth of

Nearing the summit of Mount Hamilton and the Lick Observatory.

the Sacramento River and to the traveler on the main valley route of the Southern Pacific between San Francisco and Los Angeles, it dominates the landscape for miles as the train circles Contra Costa County. Behind Mount Diablo lies Byron Hot Springs. Its medicinal virtues, which are many, are treated of in the proper chapter, but it has many attractions to the casual visitor and is a favorite week-end resort and objective for motorists from San Francisco and the bay cities.

The Indians first, the Spanish next, made Byron Hot Springs, but three hours' distant from San Francisco, famous, as they have most of the curative waters of California. The springs themselves have been surrounded by a tropical park, with fish-pools and water-basins amid the lawns the palms and brilliant flower-beds, abloom the year round. Here are rose-embowered cottages about the handsome main building of really Spanish architecture, eminently suiting its environment and commanding a fine view of the San Joaquin Valley and the Coast Range. Every room here is an outside room, for every day is a summer day, though the nights at some seasons are cool and the big fireplace in the lounging-room and steam-heat in the rooms are acceptable. Broad lanais surround the hotel on three sides, inspirations for out-of-door enjoyment.

There are competent garage and stable accommodations, there are billiards, shuffleboard, croquet, tennis and a famous effervescent swimming tank, known as the gas plunge, that has nothing to do with medicine and much with enjoyment. The drives about the countryside are interesting and beautiful and the motoring facilities excellent, Byron being a favorite trip from San Francisco and Oakland over good roads.

SAN JOSE AND THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY

San Jose, lying not far from the head of the southern arm of San Francisco Bay, is equidistant some fifty miles southward from San Francisco and Oakland. Between it and these cities lies an almost uninterrupted connection of suburban homes and, as one travels southward, orchards. It is a beautiful city, the hub of the Santa Clara Valley, which is the most beautiful and largest fruit garden in the world.

Originally a park, dotted with groups of oaks, it is fifty miles long and from five to twenty-five miles wide. About it rise the mountains, eastward, some five thousand feet in rounded terraces of foothills, the second rank of the Coast Range, which shields it westward with forests of redwood and pine and thickets of laurel and madrona. Mountain streams cut tiny ravines through the valley on their way to the bay and salt water. Four hundred miles of first-class roads divide the valley into a mosaic of a thousand pieces and connect ten thousand homes. Six million orchard trees are planted here, with occasional vineyards. In spring, from the foothills, the valley seems to the sight as if in midwinter with the snow of the blossoms covering one hundred and twenty-five square miles of trees. The snow is scented, though, and tells, with the soft air and sunny skies, of spring. Winter here wears a robe of emerald. In summer the valley is jeweled with the amber of the apricot, the gold of the peach, the purple of the prune, the scarlet of the cherry and the glowing colors of the grapes.

San Jose, besides being the prosperous city that such surroundings inevitably bring forth, is naturally also a prominent tourist center, as from it, all about the valley, are many delightful outings. It is just the distance for a return trip through

the orchards from San Francisco, with the option of extension to Alum Rock Cañon, up the mountain to the Lick Observatory or on to Santa Cruz. There is a first-class tourist hotel here, the Vendome, set in a private park, and there are other excellent accommodations, including the St. James, opposite the plaza. The Santa Clara Mission, founded in 1777, still retains its ancient walls, its vestments and pictures and is reached by street-car. Only a few miles away is Stanford University, in a large park west of Palo Alto on the direct Coast Line. Here are the finest university buildings and grounds in America, endowed in memory of a son, with the revenue from thirty million dollars.

There is a country club at San Jose, there are good golf links and, at the Vendome, tennis-courts and a big bathing pool. There is an ostrich farm to be visited also, but the most important trips are to Alum Rock Cañon by car or motor and to the summit of Mount Hamilton. At Alum Rock Springs is a cañon playground of a thousand acres, seven miles from town, with sixteen mineral springs, a stream that flows by thickets of laurel and madrona, groves of sycamore and oak; and plunge-baths, a menagerie and a restaurant at hand, with many romantic walks and drives; an ideal picnic place. En route are the ostrich farm and the Linda Vista golf links. A regular stage runs from the Vendome to the Lick Observatory at the top of Mount Hamilton, 4,209 feet above the bay, twenty-seven miles from San Jose, an easy trip for motor-cars, so wonderfully laid out is the hundred-thousand-dollar mountain road that twists and turns up the mountain in five hundred loops. The view is magnificent across the valley to the bay and over lesser ranges to the snowy crests of the high Sierra. Vineyards are planted halfway up the mountain side and trees flourish to the summit. The observatory is open to the public and weekly lectures are given on the uses of the great tubes. The telescope is the second largest in the world. Near the summit, by a stream, is a comfortable hotel. West, ten miles from San Jose, is Saratoga, at the entrance of a wooded chasm through which laughs a happy brook. Close by, in a side cleft, bubble the celebrated table-waters of Congress Springs.

There is a full week of delight in a sojourn at San Jose, which is tied up with San Francisco by trains that cover the distance in an hour and run at frequent intervals all through the day. Besides the things to do just hinted at, there are many places to visit. Within easy distance, by electric car or automobile, cluster foothill cities of unusual and distinct beauty and interest. Nippon Mura, planned after Japanese fashions amid the cherry-trees, is a resort absolutely unique in its way.

Terraced Los Gatos, most picturesque of California towns in its environment, Monte Vista, Mayfield, Mountain View, Santa Clara, adjoining San Jose itself, and Los Altos under the trees upon the hills, are suburban and rapidly growing places. From Mayfield the main line of the Southern Pacific branches on its direct cutoff to Santa Cruz through the wooded defiles of the Santa Cruz Mountains, and on this branch lies Los Altos. Another mission, that of San Jose de Guadalupe, is on the motor journey between San Jose and Oakland up the eastern shore of the bay.

Gilroy, on the main Coast Line, is but thirty miles away, with Sargent just beyond. From Sargent the stage runs to Kings City and the mission of San Juan Bautista, established in 1812 and well preserved.

The Bay of Monterey

Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel-by-the-Sea

Santa Cruz and Its Neighbors

November 17, 1542, just fifty years after the discovery of America, Monterey Bay was entered by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a native of Portugal, commanding two Spanish vessels of exploration. Sixty years later, close to Christmas Day, in the year 1602, a high-pooped caravel rounded the southern horn of what is now known as the Bay of Monterey and dropped its clumsy anchor near the sandy shore. From the ship there landed Don Sebastian Vizcaino, two priests and some soldiery, taking possession of the country in the name of Phillip III of Spain. A cross was erected and beneath a shady oak a mass was held. In honor of Gaspar de Zuniga, Count of Monte Rey, viceroy of Mexico and patron of the expedition, the place was called Monterey. Gaspar de Portolá rediscovered the bay in 1770, reaching it by land from San Diego in May, eight days before the sea expedition of Padre Junipero Serra, who in the next year founded the Mission of Carmel, on the river of that name.

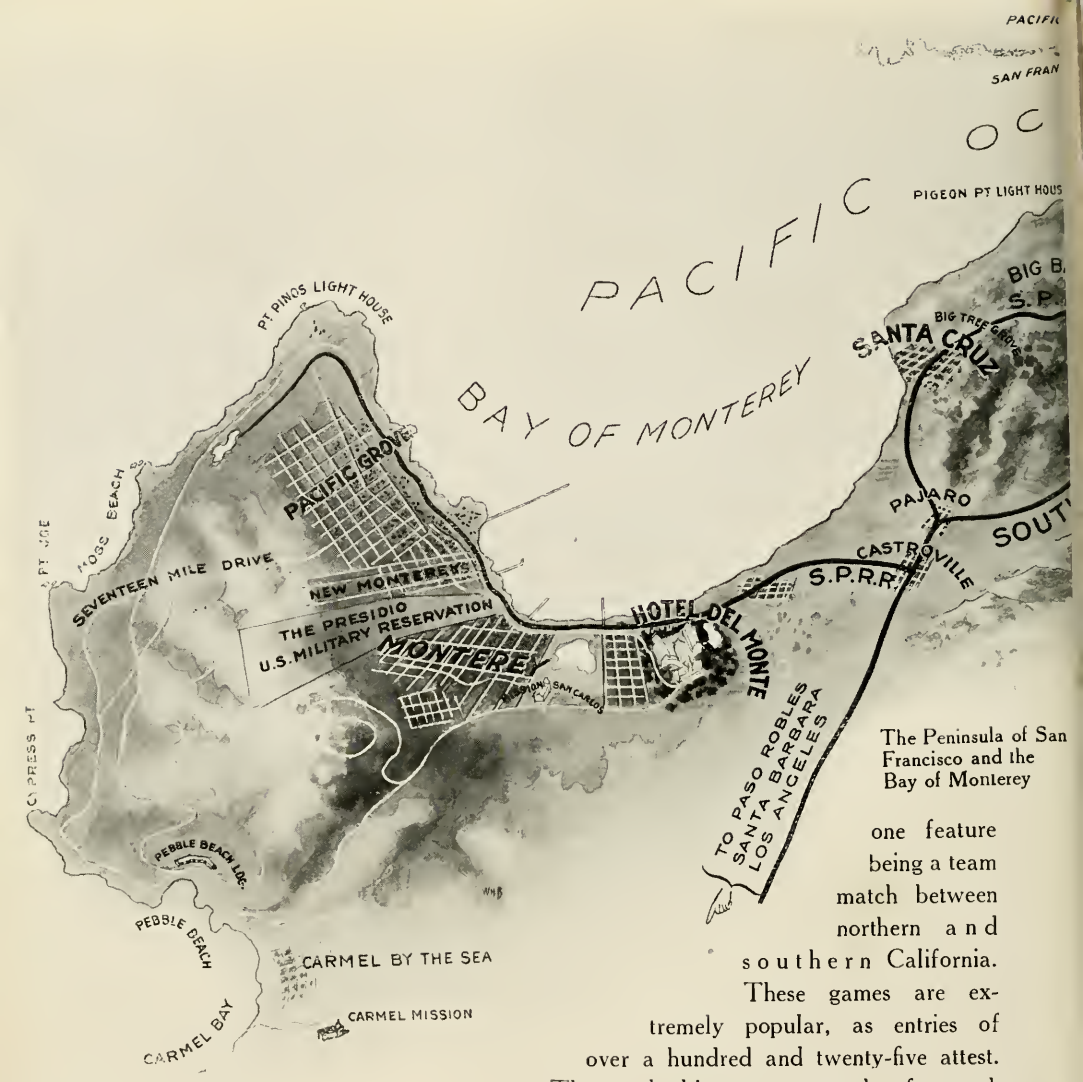
Monterey itself was once capital of Alta California, in 1770, when Portolá was first governor of that province, but under American guidance the little seaport was not thought worthy of supreme state honors and gradually fell into a "Sleepy Hollow," its whaling fleet departed, no more hide droghers called for their unsavory cargoes as described by Dana in *Before the Mast*, the customhouse became a lounging-place and the fascinating town, with its adobe-walled, red-tiled houses set about with gardens all abloom; its deserted Capitol; the picturesque place where Robert Louis Stevenson dreamed; and tottering evidences of past greatness, such as the first wooden building in California and the first theater, where Jennie Lind sang; was content to drowse, a sleepy Spanish pueblo. Today the Presidio and the town is alive with young American soldiers on the way to or from the Philippines, electric cars run through the streets, the train passes within tossing distance of the customhouse, busy banks and flourishing business blocks shoulder the slowly crumbling adobe houses of older days, but still the town sits sleepy in the sun, there are still dark-eyed señoritas in the gardens and Spanish is yet freely spoken. It is still the land of dolce-far-niente.

The establishment of the troops at the Presidio gave some extra zest, practically, socially and financially, to life in Monterey, but it was the establishment of the great hotel and gardens at Del Monte, close by, with the exploiting of drives about the cliffs of the peninsula, that brought Monterey once again vividly before the eyes of the world. The beauty of the place, but particularly the climate, with the health-giving sea-breezes, determined the building of Del Monte. There one knows neither summer nor winter weather, its equable temperature varying only the six mean degrees between fifty-two in January and fifty-eight degrees in July. Thus is it both a summer and a winter resort, cool in July, comfortable in December. It has only one rival in even temperature—Honolulu—but there the range is from seventy-one to seventy-seven degrees. Funchal has ten degrees variation, the City of Mexico eleven. Santa Monica comes nearer with seven and San Francisco with eight.

The main wing of the comfortable and popular Hotel Del Monte.

The Hotel Del Monte was established in 1880, a modern hotel of Swiss Gothic architecture in a natural park of over a hundred acres, with six thousand more in reserve for a ranch and hunting preserve. Its fame speedily traveled, and for the last thirty years has been added to by the constant beautifying of the place and the improvements of the hotel, until today it stands for the best in beauty, comfort and popularity. It is an eminently popular resort, San Francisco's social sets making it a frequent rendezvous, when polo, golf, tennis, motoring, theatrical performances upon the lawns beneath the oaks, sailing regattas, dog and cat shows and twenty other opportunities, furnish excuse for social gatherings.

The hotel itself overlooks the terraced gardens and a lake to which swans add graceful dignity. From the railroad station it rises beyond the trees in a mass of towers, of broad piazzas and rose-embowered shady lanais of well-planned angles and corners—a palatial place well suited to its beautiful environment. In the planning of the grounds the expert landscape gardeners found here a grove of live-oaks and pines with gnarled limbs or with towering shafts that spoke of centuries of growth. The rich soil, the temperature, the gentle sea-fogs that crept in at certain seasons of the year, made all things in matters horticultural possible so that beneath the trees they laid a carpet of springy turf that rivals the lawns of old cathedral closes in England. Here and there beds of brilliant bloom sprang up as if by magic; shrubberies of scented flowerings arose; the gardeners ran amuck amid the flower catalogues until a list of thirteen hundred varieties had been passed. They planted a wonderful rose garden; they builded a maze of cypress hedge like that of Hampton Court; they brought from the desert spiny, cold-hearted growths with chilly, scentless, but beautiful blossoms to make a cactus garden; they cunningly contrived winding walks and verdant vistas until the place stands as a hostelry without parallel for the marvelous combination of the natural and artificial beauty of its gardens. From the hotel where terraced lawns lead to the lake on one side and in front great beds of flowers glow in perennial bloom, the most striking effect is that of the luxuriant palms and tropical trees flourishing beneath the towering pines—torrid and temperate zones uniting in a combination utterly unknown elsewhere in America. Then there were added tennis-courts, perfect of their kind, where national tournaments are held and where Californian champions have added at once to their skill and their laurels. The eighteen-hole golf course, five minutes from the hotel to the first tee, is in excellent condition for every-day-in-the-year play and of unusual sportiness. The course is ten years old, is a trifle under three miles and has a bogey of seventy-three, not a hard mark for the straight and steady player but full of traps for the uncertain. There are many natural hazards and inaccurate play is penalized throughout the course. To the golfer some notes are of special interest. First the year holds an average of two hundred and forty-five sunny days, eighty-eight cloudy ones and thirty-four sprinkly ones, which means golf every day. The putting greens are grass and well-watered the year round, while the fair greens, being grass-grown, are constantly cut and rolled. The course has great natural charm, flowers dot the fair greens, golden poppies and violets, lupines, Johnny-jump-ups and the wild blooms of California border the links, clustering live-oaks give one the feeling of playing in some stately park, the blue bay and sky are before you and out of them blows the tonic sea-breeze, and, wonderful fact for a hotel links, the hotel itself is no farther away than a convenient country clubhouse. There are annual tournaments with handsome trophies,

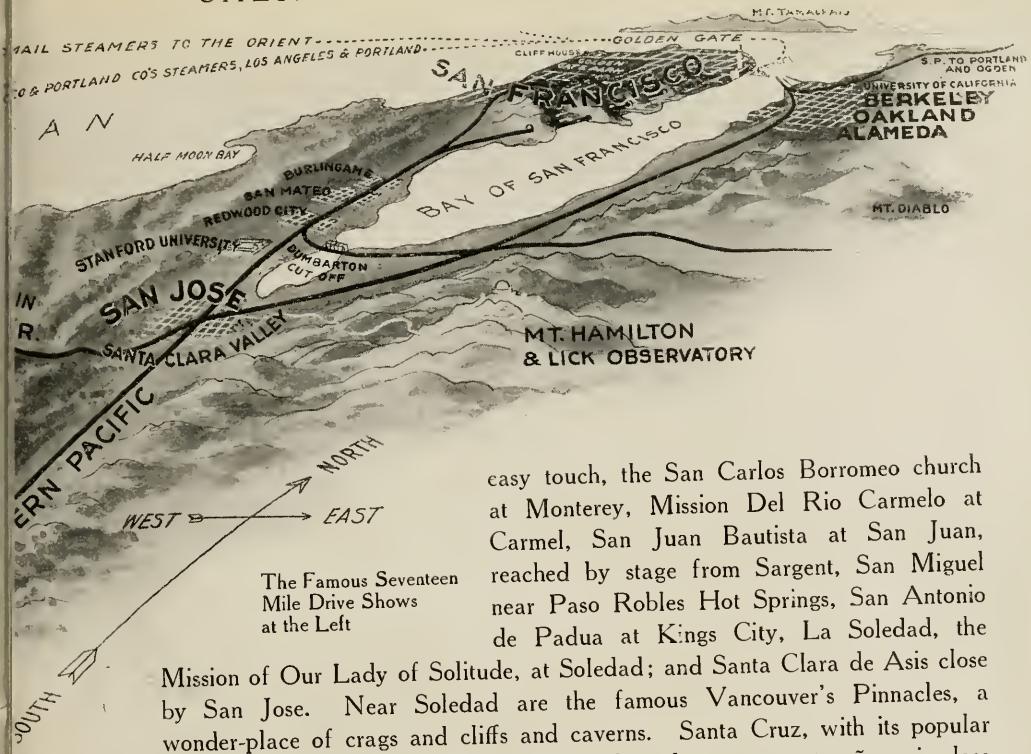


The Peninsula of San Francisco and the Bay of Monterey

one feature being a team match between northern and southern California. These games are extremely popular, as entries of over a hundred and twenty-five attest. The sea-bathing on a stretch of smooth and sandy beach, over which strides a long pleasure pier, is delightful and yet with plenty of surf between the rafts with their safety cables, and shore. There is a warm salt-water pool in a big building, like a conservatory, with growing plants and flowers, where one can swim placidly or disport on slides and spring-boards before taking a plunge in the exhilarating surf outside. Also there are private rooms for hot salt-water baths.

All boats and outfits are easily obtainable. On the Del Monte Rancho, where are comfortable cottages and whence comes the hotel's supply of dairy and garden, is "much good sport." It lies in the valley of Carmel River.

The motorist finds Del Monte an ideal spot, whether he run from San Francisco, one hundred and twenty-five miles away, import his car from yet greater distance, or hire it at Del Monte. There are a well-appointed garage for shelter, supplies and repairs and many jaunts about the country. Seven missions are within



The Famous Seventeen Mile Drive Shows at the Left

easy touch, the San Carlos Borromeo church at Monterey, Mission Del Rio Carmelo at Carmel, San Juan Bautista at San Juan, reached by stage from Sargent, San Miguel near Paso Robles Hot Springs, San Antonio de Padua at Kings City, La Soledad, the Mission of Our Lady of Solitude, at Soledad; and Santa Clara de Asis close by San Jose. Near Soledad are the famous Vancouver's Pinnacles, a wonder-place of crags and cliffs and caverns. Santa Cruz, with its popular casino, natatorium and beaches, its giant redwoods and stream-swept cañons, is close by, besides the wonderful drives about the peninsula to Pebble Beach and Point Lobos for picnic-parties by the cypresses. Del Monte itself is the nucleus of the most magnificent scenic boulevard system in the world, a phrase that sounds exaggerated, but is not. Equally of course these pleasure-places are open to those who drive or ride. There is a racetrack belonging to the hotel, where motor meets are held and polo matches played.

Pacific Grove is the railroad terminal and is also reached by trolley-cars from Del Monte and Monterey. It stretches from the rocky rim of the bay back into the green depths of a pine forest and is a community of quiet charm. Here every summer assemblages, educational, fraternal and religious, meet with unfailing regularity and between sessions acquire health. It is a favored family resort, for its cliffs hold many individual beaches with bathing of the best and safest, so that the young may paddle and the older dream and the yet older bask in comfort without thought or desire of more active enjoyment, while the sea croons and laughs as it showers rainbows on the sands with an affectionate pat. A place of unpretentious living, good things may be had here at low prices. The residents' homes are fair with gardens, and the hotel, under the same management as Del Monte, has shady lawns and cool chambers. For visitors also, are housekeeping cottages and tents beneath the fragrant pines. Between the towns lies the Presidio and its soldiery. Carved in stone, Junipero Serra looks out across the bay, over the home of a modern millionaire, who has adopted Spanish architecture in deference to his surroundings.

Pacific Grove is the ideal starting-place for the deep-sea gardens and from here start the boats that have no visible bottom but whose keel is a glass window

Over the famous Del Monte golf links, played upon every day in the year.

that peers into the goings-on of the kelp forests, the moss groves, the sandy spaces and pleasure-grounds of the bay. No place is richer in marine forms and even the South Sea abodes of coral insects and harlequin fishes are not more interesting, more full of life and color than these. The eyes look through the glass as into a kaleidoscope, ever changing in color and form. Scientists have built a laboratory here to study at closer range the secrets of the life marine.

The seventeen-mile drive, now augmented by many extra miles of splendid roadway, starts and ends at Del Monte, passing through the quietly picturesque community at Pacific Grove and skirting the edge of the wonderful peninsula that forms the southern horn of the crescent of the Bay of Monterey.

The drive is of exceeding loveliness, with phases that change completely under different weather conditions, but never lose for an instant the enchantment of the place. Enchantment is a fitting term for the extraordinary and sometimes weird beauty of it all. Promontory after promontory of rock, not towering high, but carved and fretted, pierced with arches and blow-holes, wind and weather-worn, gray and seared with the facing out of centuries of stress and storm, rugged and grim and topped by trees that one never dreamed of seeing outside the covers of Doré's illustrated *Inferno*. Flat-topped, they are, and somber-leaved, these cypresses, found nowhere else in America, though known in Japan and called in Palestine, Cedars of Lebanon. But never did Cedars of Lebanon nor of Japan have such counterparts, such writhing trunks and twisted limbs to which the gray green foliage clings in desperation. Gray are the cliffs on which they have kept watch and ward for centuries; gray are the trees, gnarled and fantastic, with their upper boughs rusty red.

About and above these trees of wizardry, these wave-worn cliffs and sloping beaches, now in the gloom of the forest, now in sight of the sound and smell and almost taste of the sea, wind the roadways of the famous drive; looping about the hills, far back into the pine forests where the deer live and curious cattle, half-buffalo; with rabbits and quail and smaller wild folk. Time greets his younger self across the ages as the motor-cars pass between cedars that flourished long before the days of Solomon. About one and a half hours end a straightaway trip if one has not made up his mind for a whole day, and perhaps an evening, at Moss Beach, Midway Point, Cypress Point, Point Lobos or Pebble Beach. The lure of the Pebble Beach Lodge is no slight one. It is a picturesque place, close to the sea and a beach of semi-precious stones, a tavern much in vogue for lunches, teas and dances, an offshoot of the big hotel, excellently conducted.

Carmel proper is five miles from Monterey and reached by a stage that meets the trains. Beyond it, roads good for motor or horse lead by the cliffs and pines to regions little known, but exquisite, past Point Lobos and Yankee Point, patriotically but most unpoetically named, on to the forested regions of the Big and Little Sur rivers. Here are scenes that, to the traveler, suggest Sicily and the Straits of Messina. The road looks directly down into marine gardens inclosed by cliffs that are carved into a medley of arches and resounding caves, little islands and promontories, tree-crowned, with tiny bays of silver sand running up to a cliff dwelling that the sea has made for some favored mercouple. Arms of the sea run inland between steep walls of rock, true Pools of Poseidon; there are *siffleurs* where the foam comes spouting out of pits a hundred feet deep and seventy

The Bell Tower of the Mission of the River Carmel, unchanged from earlier days.

across; sea-birds, gulls and cormorants squat about the rocks above hairy seals (sea-leopards) and sea-lions; the pools hold treasure-troves of purple anemones, scarlet starfish, sea-urchins, red and black abalones, gorgeously bedizened crabs and wonderful seaweeds. Here grow the sea-palm, fringing the reefs and bowing in the surf, coral-weed and mermaid's hair, a myriad varieties of algae. The cliffs are no longer altogether gray, but have burnt yellows and umbers with here and there a crimson marl that gives entrancing variety to the pools already rainbow-hued of contents. Everywhere the cliffs are sown with sea-daisies of white and gold and purple, with vines and with a flower that blooms in clusters of papery balls ranging from orange to deepest coral red. Back of the cliffs are pines again and beyond them redwoods. There is one little nook here where a home has been built, amid a riot of flowers and verdure. Here frost has never been known and banana-palms flaunt their green banners to the breeze as bravely as ever do their cousins of Tahiti. Close by a stream of water gurgles and splashes delightedly, finally leaping in a fifty-foot fall of crystal. A wonderful bourne, yet undiscovered save to the enthusiastic few, but unmatched in beauty on any American shore, plus the Carmel climate that lets children run bare and brown-legged from year-end to year-end.

The dwellers of Carmel live close to the mountains and have a glorious outlook over Carmel Bay and southward to where grim Point Lobos—the "Point of the Wolf"—snarls as the great waves surge amid its caves and boulders. The Carmel River reaches the sea here after a course through a verdant valley where the quail in the coverts are as thick as the trout in the pools and both are as plentiful as the flowers on the hillsides. Here is the old Mission Carmel, San Carlos del Rio Carmelo, picturesque and with the church well preserved. Beneath the altar lie the bones of its founder, Padre Serra. Masses are still said monthly.

Scattered northward along the crescent of Monterey Bay, between apple orchards and beet-fields and great fields of strawberries, are several cozy places. At Aptos are many summer cottages for folks who like a place free from outing activities. Opal is set between the sea and heavily timbered mountains. At Capitola is a merry-making place with a particularly fine beach of hardened sand. Here are rows of inviting cottages with vines and flowers about them, used only for rest and breathing spaces between the livelier amusements that beckon from the beach, the pleasure pier, the big sea-room that gazes out with great glass eyes upon the ocean, the dancing pavilion and the theater. Between Capitola and Santa Cruz, the latter big resort at the northern horn of the bay, as Monterey is at the southern, are Twin Lakes and Seabright, both inviting.

All these are reached by the branch of the railroad that follows the curve of the bay, and with Castroville and Pajaro as junction points, connects Santa Cruz and Monterey. These two latter have direct communication with San Francisco, regular trains running without changing via Castroville to Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove, one hundred and twenty-five miles away; while main line trains on the Coast Line north and south have exact connections and stopover arrangements; and Santa Cruz trains branching at Mayfield run directly from San Francisco through the beautiful cañons of the Santa Cruz Mountains to Santa Cruz, the Atlantic City of California and in many ways its most popular watering-place.

The way to Santa Cruz is a passage beautiful, with swift service that is taken advantage of by many week-enders as well as more fortunate vacation spenders.

The Casino and Beach at Santa Cruz, where thousands throng for week-ends and holidays.

Either from San Francisco or, for the valley folk who long for cooling breezes and the sound of waves, from Sacramento, Stockton and Fresno; there is swift and direct service. The train speeds through the defiles of the mountains, redwood-shaded, fern-carpeted. Along the cañon of the San Lorenzo River, through the country that Portolá exploited in that search of his for Monterey that ended in the discovery of San Francisco Bay, the train passes many a beauty spot of woodland charm, all easily visited from Santa Cruz while worthy of individual preference. Just a few miles above Santa Cruz, a pleasant six-mile drive or ride, is a famous grove of redwoods (Sequoia sempervirens), cousins of the mighty Sequoias of the mountains and almost as old, almost as great. Their birthdays were somewhere near that of Archimedes; one of their hollow trunks sheltered Fremont and his followers; their tops rise nearly three hundred feet skyward and their girths are eighty feet and more. Giants are they from the standpoint of man's span, well-fitted to be called *sempervirens*—everliving. Down the coast line of California from north to midway they run, only in California do they grow.

But it is of Santa Cruz by the sea we shall write first, to touch on its woodland environment later. It is the big play-place of higher California and has been planned to amuse. A million dollars has been spent toward this end and with eminent success, as the crowds plainly show. There is a great casino with dining and grill-rooms where famous chowders and fish courses are unique in temptation, and that are set both behind great glass sides and out-of-doors on balconies that look onto the beach where folk picnic beneath brilliant parasols that turn the beach into a bizarre garden of fantastic growths, too idle or too happy to exchange bathing costumes for more formal and confining clothes. There are indoor plunges, hot and cold, baths individual and of various treatments, lounging verandas, an aquarium and a host of attractions for the light-hearted. Back of the Casino is a cottage city, with graveled walks, flower-beds, a central dining-room and all the light and water conveniences of a real city. Housekeeping is really light here, and economical at that.

Here again the folks live out-of-doors, all day and part of the night, either when the big electric plant makes the beach brilliant as the bands play in the concert-room, the dancing pavilion or the theater and people dance and promenade, or come out into the moonlight that serenely smiles at the twinkling electrics, conscious of its own distinctive attractions and sure of an audience of young lovers to watch its reflection on the waves and build air castles on the beach as their younger relatives made them of sand in the afternoons.

Aside from the enterprise, the capital and the hard work that have combined to make Santa Cruz favored and famous, it needed no great prophecy of vision to choose it for an ideal watering-place, for here was a rare combination of sea and shore, forest and stream and woodland glories leading directly to the sea.

Think of a summer holiday divided between surf bathing, yachting, deep-sea fishing and their kindred delights and foaming trout streams deep in the heart of mountains clothed in virgin forest; awaiting from the beach the call to a casino dinner one night with a dance to follow, and the next, cooking one's own trout over a camp-fire in the depths of a forest, and, afterward, lying on pine-needles and watching the sparks of your fire dance upward, toward the stars that peep down amid the lace of lofty trees. Hotel conveniences in the morning and a dip in the surf and, at evening, a bed of boughs and a crystal pool for mirror and

Among the Redwoods at Big Trees, close to Santa Cruz.

washbasin combined; yachting across foaming billows one day, lolling in a canoe in placid reaches the next. Real trout in these streams, too, stocked from a hatchery at Brookdale, itself a resort of these mountains, broad-shouldered, hard-fighting members of the speckled family. Real forests, too, with boscage of fern and scented shrubbery, where wild lilacs bloom and madronas, the "harlequins of the wood," stand in their gaudy livery. Flowers in quiet glades, waterfalls and bubbling springs, trails that lead by woodland hills to pine-fringed ridges from where, as from the peak in Darien first trod by Cortez and his men, the great silver and azure shield of the Pacific flashes before you.

You may picnic for a day or stay a month, making the mountains your headquarters and the seabeach the jaunt. There are many excellent resorts of all degrees, from modest home cooking to the big hotels. The Big Trees station, a favorite picnic ground, is five miles from Santa Cruz, then there are Mount Hermon, specialized by religious affiliations, Glenwood, Laurel and Wright and Felton, whence a branch line leads to Rowardennan, a beautiful resort with a noted hotel at the base of Ben Lomond; Brookdale and its fish hatchery and beyond, Boulder Creek, gateway to the State Park in the Big Basin, laid aside as a playground for the people forever. There are four thousand acres of wilderness primeval, towering redwoods, dense thickets and silver streams where dwell the wild things of the forest.

Paso Robles Hot Springs

Paso Robles Hot Springs lies practically halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles on the main Coast Line of the Southern Pacific. Its musical Spanish name means the Pass of the Oaks, and close by it, almost paralleling the railroad, through the Salinas Valley, runs the Camino Real, leading past the San Miguel Mission, a short distance from the Springs. The passing greeting, the uplifted fingers of benediction of the sandaled padres as they trod the dusty trail between the missions, has given place to the "Honk," "Honk" of the speeding motor-car as it swiftly covers the miles of well-made roads; but the romance of those days still lingers; the old mission yet stands and a resident priest shepherds a scanty flock.

The waters bubble amid an environment of rounded hills in a country of winding roads and pleasant landscape, the Little Salinas River runs close by; to the east is the main coast range, to the west the Santa Lucia Mountains hiding the sea and shutting out the ocean fogs. Oaks, the beautiful live-oaks of California, with their masses of deep-green foliage, their sturdy trunks and wide spreading branches, are everywhere; on hill and dale, in cañon and on upland; the whole place a vast parklike domain, a real Oak-land.

Seven hundred and twenty feet above the sea, which is twenty miles away, is the Pass of the Oaks. The climate is the best that California can offer. From May to November the skies are cloudless and winter is springtime here, with the hills tender green after the sprinkling rains or golden with the poppies of California. Summer days are never oppressive and always up the river from the ocean blows a pleasant breeze with a tang of the salt sea mingling with flowers and the fragrance

At Paso Robles Hot Springs, the bath-house at the left, connected with the hotel.

of the oaks. The air is dry between the hills and the nights are always cool, so that one sleeps under blankets. It is the peaceful perfection of climate for the tired, the sick, the convalescent. One sleeps here in this equable combination of land and sea climates, the dry warmth of the one and the tonic stimulant of the other.

It is a great place for getting well. The climate seems specially ordained to match the springs in their healing mission. Here is "no winter or rough weather," no enervating, wet winds, but day after day of sunshine, night after night of refreshing coolness—a climate far surpassing that of the Riviera.

The hotel is not a hospital. It was built because the springs were there and because the springs were famous, but it is a place for rest and recreation as well as for the recovery of lost health and shattered nerves. The reputation of the waters started with the Indians, long before the patient padres dreamed of a catholic conquest of the "unfaithful parts" of California. Padre Lasuen when his mission was founded wrote to the court of Spain about the virtues of the springs and years before the present fine hotel was erected, European physicians knew of the healing qualities of the California spa and so, as its local favor extended, the great bath-house was added to meet demands for the best facilities.

The hotel stands in well-kept grounds, three hundred feet of red brick frontage, three stories high. Wide verandas are here and big rooms and great fireplaces where mighty logs burn merrily on the cooler nights and early mornings. There are tennis-courts and croquet grounds and a cozy clubhouse amid a grove of oaks, with ten pins and billiards and broad lanais for lounging. The beautiful Santa Ysabel rancho supplies the table with the best of milk and cream and butter from its high-bred dairy herd and vegetables from its kitchen gardens. Naturally a strict attention is paid to menus and their preparation, while special diets are provided for those taking the cure.

The bath-house, which cost $100,000, is connected with the hotel by an arcade running from the solarium of the hotel to the office of this modern Kurhaus. It is more than a bath-house; it is an establishment equipped with the latest appliances and discoveries in the application of water and mud for refreshment or the cure of disease; in brief, for the science of hydrotherapy. The best features of Eastern and European establishments have been incorporated and under the one building is combined the administration of water treatment in every form, hot and cold, steam and vapor, mud packs and massage, mechanical pressures and thermic action; all attractively, luxuriantly presented. The bathrooms are of marble, the dressing-rooms and treatment room that is the center of each group of six bathrooms, in white cedar, finely polished; with marble wainscotings in the treatment rooms; bathtubs are of pure porcelain; the pack and vapor rooms are of opaque, white glass; the cooling rooms have white metal tiling, everywhere is marble, porcelain, glass and metal and avoidance of moisture, odors or germ harborage. An electric blower provides for complete ventilation. There is a plunge bath of graduated depth forty by eighty feet that is by no means confined to the uses of invalids and supplied directly from the flowing well.

The medical director has offices and laboratory in the front of the building, where also are handsomely furnished reading-rooms and parlors. Everything is as sanitary, as spotlessly clean and odorless as the most exacting of physicians could demand.

Simon Baruch, M. D., of New York, the most eminent authority in this country on hydrotherapeutics, supervised the opening of the Kurhaus, spending two months in supervision and instalment and the direction of nurses, masseurs and attendants. These are selected from Swedish and other colleges, are experts in physical culture, massage, friction, bath-giving and nursing, and are under the direction of the resident physician, who prescribes and regulates all treatments. In a sentence, the institution is the most complete of its kind in any country, with the most modern of apparatus. The treatment charges are less than practically anywhere else, and the climatic advantages reduce the bill in values that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.

The waters are of various kinds outside of the moor muds or peats, through which flow a constant supply of sulphur waters; and are sulphurous and alkaline, soda, iron or chalybeate, sulphur and lithia, varying in temperature from 60° to 122° Fahrenheit. They are especially valuable in the treatment of all rheumatic and gouty affections, in abnormal conditions brought about by excess of diet, lack of proper exercise, sluggish circulation of the liver, digestive tract and skin. They effectively neutralize kidney and bladder irritations, stimulate mucous membranes affected by catarrh into healthy activity and improve glandular enlargements and conditions of impure blood. Malarial and other poisons are soon eliminated from the system and the waters and tonic baths, combined with the outdoor life, are curative in anemia. The Brine and Nauheim baths and resistant movements are of great success in diseases of the heart, in degeneration of the blood-vessels and obstinate neuralgia.

For nervous exhaustion, brought on by sickness, overwork, mental strain, the tonic baths with massage and rest will make new men and women out of the overworked business man, the overtaxed society woman, the invalid, any one whose stock of vitality has "run down." The results of the medical treatment, the balm of the peaceful pocket among the hills, the rides and drives amid wood and field and river or by the bounding sea, are really marvelous in the complete restoration of the desire to do and enjoy and in the renewal of health and constant happiness. These are the waters of Youth Restored. Nature is really the healer. Nature who supplies the waters, the free air, the strength of the hills, the dry, stimulating sunshine; Nature combined with wise diet and rational exercise and rest, massage and friction and Nature's most mysterious and powerful agent, electricity.

Aside from the pleasant drives about the hills and dales beside the Little Salinas River and Nacimiento brook, chuckling to itself in its shady ravine, there is much to do, many objective points of interest about the springs. The Santa Ysabel rancho, an oak-forested estate two miles away, has a beautiful lake of pure mineral water in which one may swim and on which one may boat. Here are hot springs pouring out six hundred thousand gallons daily and a delightfully rustic bath-house where the temperature of the water and its velvet softness afford an ideal bath from which one rises with delight to find the skin as soft and smooth as that of a child. Here a pedigreed dairy herd wanders over sunny knolls with shady groves of oaks everywhere. The oaks, moss-bearded, stand about the mineral lake and shade inviting byways.

In the Santa Lucia Mountains westward are labyrinths of wooded cañons with springs and rivulets bubbling beneath the trees. Quail abound and doves and

deer with trout in the streams; Morro Rock, by the sea, is but twenty odd miles away, a mere nothing in these motoring days, and machines can be obtained on the spot. Founded in 1797 by Padre Lasuen, the mission still stands in fair repair, though much of its glory has departed. Once its property in livestock alone was worth over three millions, a fifteen-foot adobe wall surrounded its plaza and buildings and an aqueduct and canals brought water to it from Santa Ysabel, then a possession of the mission, where the padres had a flourishing vineyard. It is still a place of unusual interest with its old pictures and vestments, its pulpit and carved doors and galleries, its real mission furniture, one piece of which is a chair that the father in charge jocularly declares has the merit of assuring a marriage within the year to any unmarried occupant. The chair is nearly worn out. The train passes through what was once the courtyard of the mission, of which the full title is San Miguel Arcangel.

Another ride leads to the Carisa plain, east of a mountain viewed from the train. In the southwest part of the plateau, which is over fourteen hundred feet in average elevation, is a hollow sandstone hill with a sunken chamber two hundred and twenty-five feet long and a hundred and twenty feet wide, roofed by the sky. The hill is called Painted Rock, and in the chamber are wondrous Indian petroglyphs painted in white and red and black upon the walls. They have been studied and described but not explained by the United States Bureau of Ethnology, and have greater value than a mere surprise to the curious.

Nine miles south of the springs are the camping-grounds of Atascadero, where regular volunteer soldiers combine in practising the arts of war. Twenty-two thousand acres of wooded benches surround an ideal level plain or drill ground containing several hundred acres. Beneath this natural amphitheater lies an inexhaustible store of pure water. This, with the ideal climate, caused the government authorities to decide upon Atascadero for military maneuvers without hesitation. The families and friends of the officers of National Guard and United States soldiery stay at the big hotel at Paso Robles, where other engagements than those of "Blues" and "Reds" are often consummated. The military orchestras and bands play at morning, noon and night, often in musical rivalry for cups and other trophies, and the great sulphur plunge is the scene of water sports and universal merriment.

From Monterey Bay Southward

Santa Barbara and Other Coast Resorts

The whole coast of California from San Francisco southward offers constant opportunity for watering-places and they are established at intervals all down the surf line to San Diego. Below Monterey Bay, already treated of, the spurs of the mountains, behind which lies the long Salinas Valley, slope to the ocean in rocky headland and wooded ridge, with here and there a little beach of firm sand. In the Salinas Valley, between these same Santa Lucia Mountains and the main Coast Range, runs the main line of the Southern Pacific past Paso Robles Hot Springs, up and across the woody spurs between which lie delightful valleys, down by the famous Horseshoe Curve, by San Luis Obispo and its mission, turning seaward until the traveler hears the surf booming and sights the deep blue of the

The facade of Santa Barbara Mission, the bell-towers and the old fountain.

far-stretching Pacific between dunes of sand. Pizmo, or El Pizmo, to be strictly correct, is a popular resort especially famous for its beach, which is in its turn famous for many things. There are comfortable quarters here, a main building and a colony of little cottages about a shady lawn. There is a big auditorium and dancing pavilion and above all there is the beach. This is a boulevard of sand rolled hard by the impact of the waves, a beach that barely slopes between high and low tide levels and is two hundred feet wide and some seventeen miles long.

The beach trip from Pizmo past the little town of Oceano southward to Point Sal is a notable one; so is the drive up the cañon back of El Pizmo to San Luis Obispo, the City of the Bishop, a beautiful town with old fig and olive-trees, with oranges and walnuts and trees and vines everywhere in the shadows of the pyramidal peaks, two of which, springing directly from the plain, suggest a bishop's mitre. The mission has been largely restored, but the interior yet shows the ancient walls; there are quaintly carved doors and barred windows, and at the back is a picturesque part of the original buildings. The clergy have a delightful court shaded by overhanging vines that bear clusters of juicy grapes. There are many fine vestments and laces that are shown to the interested. The full name of the mission is San Luis Obispo de Tolosa and it was founded in September, 1772, by Serra himself. It has no arches, as the majority of the missions, being like the Mission Dolores at San Francisco in this respect. Its Book of Confirmations bears notes and introductory pages by Serra and its baptismal register is interesting to the student. Between San Luis Obispo and Pizmo are the San Luis Hot Springs.

Southward the train travels ever parallel with the line of the breaking waves, almost within reach of the spray. At Surf, justly named, the train halts on a shelf but a few feet above the shingle and a wonderful panorama of crested wave and distant sea leads the imagination across the western blue to visions of the Orient. A sunset is a part of the itinerary of certain trains, with glories indescribable of glowing sea and sky. From Surf a branch travels up a little valley to Lompoc, where are the tottering arches of the Mission La Purisima Concepcion, founded in December, 1787. This building is distinctive in its architecture and at the end of its corridor a fine view of the valley leading by velvet ways to the ocean can be seen. The site of the mission is delightful, where it stands in the corner of a modern rancheria. The Santa Ynez River flows by the cañada in which the mission was built and is a lively stream containing lively trout. There are many bits of beautiful scenery among the range, from which this stream with many companions runs and not far from Lompoc is the Rancho del Alamo Pintado, an attractive mountain resort.

The Mission Santa Ynez is situated on the headwaters of the stream which, with the surrounding mountains, adopts its name. It is reached by a branch line from San Luis Obispo to Los Olivos, thence a short stage ride and also by stage from Gaviota, farther south. It was founded in 1804, and is still active.

A short distance below Surf is Point Arguello, a jagged headland surmounted by a lighthouse and the northern end of the Santa Barbara Channel. The beacon rock of the channel proper is still farther south at Point Concepcion, where the lighthouse stands halfway down the great rock that is two hundred and fifty feet high. The effects of breaking waves on the stubborn ledges, particularly after a storm, are remarkable.

The Geranium Walk, Hotel Potter facing the sea, at Santa Barbara.

From Surf southward for a hundred miles the traveler by this Coast Line route, which is a part also of the Sunset Route to New Orleans and New York, passes over the greatest ocean railroad ride in the world. The charm is ever-changing, the sea never the same from gray dawn, through sparkling noon to the deeper tints of the after day; the green shore waters, the purple marge of the kelp line, the deep blue of the horizon, the mountain tops of the channel islands rising from the distant waters; make up a wonderful trip. The road runs on cliffs from fifty to two hundred feet high that descend abruptly to sandy beaches where the gulls wade in the pools or race with the train. Shoreward, too, the view is diversely beautiful. The Santa Ynez Mountains break up into deep cañons where live-oaks and sycamores flourish, many of them opening out again into little pocket valleys already the homes of many people and offering ideal sites for a country place. Between the valley cañons lie the mesas connecting the mountains with the seaward cliffs, everywhere is a wonderful variety of light and shade, of shadows deepening the blue and green of sea and shore, the whole a seaside trip not to be found elsewhere in the traveled world.

Gaviota is a station from which stages run to Los Olivos and Santa Ynez by way of Gaviota Pass, a beautiful gorge well-known to modern motorists. Between Gaviota and Santa Barbara the train travels in sight of one hundred and twenty-five miles of the old Camino Real, the King's Highway, that once extended along the whole coast line from San Diego to San Francisco, punctuated by missions set one day's journey apart. Much of it is still intact though boulevarded, macadamized and crowned to suit modern travel.

Santa Barbara, "City of the Smiling Channel," is an enchanting, a superb resort. Naturally, all things are to its advantage and grateful man has added luxuries, modernized, without spoiling, the old world charm and beauty of the place; until Santa Barbara stands high in the list of "See America First." Some say it resembles Mentone or Nice, but the comparison does not do full justice to the American watering-place. There is indeed a smiling sea that dimples within a curving bay, there are the same trees and vegetation of the semi-tropics growing in the equable temperature of these places, but in Santa Barbara lies a charm distinctly and individually its own. There is no feverish activity of social ambition, no taint of the desire for gambling in the air. The villas of Nice are replaced by the magnificent modern homes of the wealthy who have made this "Place Beautiful" their chosen home.

The Santa Ynez Mountains, one rocky spur of which is thrust into the sea at Point Concepcion, swing in a horseshoe curve back of Santa Barbara; the shore line sweeps eastward and gives the city a south aspect. Between the mountains and the shore lie verdant foothills and green mesas. Seaward lie the islands of the channel with their caves and cañons. The temperature has but a ten-degree variation between midsummer and midwinter; it is essentially a balmy climate.

From the sea the beautiful towers of Santa Barbara Mission against their background of green hills, still dominate the landscape as they did when the "Pilgrim" of Dana's story was steered to her moorings by their use as landmarks. From it still emanates romance. Its quaint fountain, its colonnade, the church, the close where lie many generations, the garden, forbidden to all daughters of Eve, where brown-robed, sandaled Franciscans yet spend their few leisure hours,

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all tell a story that holds entrancing interest. The mission was founded in December, 1786. It has been effectively preserved, not restored, and holds a great charm of architecture. Much, nearly all of the wealth of the mission has vanished, but it is still active in matters Catholic. Old vestments and leather tomes holding the archives of early achievement, bells cast in 1818, the flowers and cypresses of the gardens, the fountains with their goldfish, the view from the belfry tower; all prove a strong attraction, and when one has wandered reverently through the place and stood with bowed head within the dusky church, it is only the well-chosen English of the robed and sandaled guide that assures you, as you emerge into the brilliant sunshine, that this is the twentieth century and America.

Between the mission and the sea runs the main street of the town. Modern villas and palazzios are numerous, and there are many distinctive relics of Spanish days. The old families still have their descendants and many of them are wealthy. Some of them still live in their houses of early days though the three-foot-thick adobe walls have been covered with lumber and the tiled roofs replaced with shingles, while the courtyards and piazzas no longer are the assembling places of gay throngs. But there is quite a Spanish colony in the place and to those who obtain the entrée, the hospitality will still be found proverbial.

Along the sea-front runs a wide and beautiful boulevard, the drive and motorway shaded by palms, the walk overlooking pebbles wet with the surf. At one end are bath-houses and the bathing pier near the plaza where gay crowds sit on benches and green lawns while the band plays. Facing the boulevard and the sea is the Potter, Santa Barbara's biggest hotel, a place of Spanish architecture set behind green lawns and gardens of roses and geraniums. It is thoroughly modern and has in connection with it a country club on the old Hope Rancho, a beautiful property of rounded, oak-crowned hill, and little cañon running to the beach. It is but a few miles distant and can be reached by motoring through Santa Barbara and the suburbs back of the city or by the cliff drive. The rancho is a ranch in name only, residences are being built upon the hills, and golf is played on the good links attached to the Potter clubhouse. Here too is a polo ground, while under the cliffs are bathing beaches, fine firm sweeps of sand.

The Arlington is the other important hotel of the place, new and up-to-date, with cool lawns about it and a long reputation both behind and in front of it for satisfying folk. Patrons of these hotels come from more wintry climes every winter as ducks fly southward, but so many visitors to Santa Barbara have built themselves houses and become regular residents for a great portion of the year, that the flocks of guests at the hotels form but a tithe of the visiting life of the place. All this necessarily and agreeably accentuates the social life. There is much hospitable entertainment among the owners of the big houses; there is a fine country club with golf links near the sea between Santa Barbara and Miramar, and life is very full of the doing of things agreeable. Aside from the hotels, there is a large number of boarding-houses in the city, to suit all purses and peculiarities. Santa Barbara is no longer purely a winter resort, though it was through its reputation as such that its modern establishment was largely brought about. The summer temperature has a mean of sixty-six degrees in July and in common with all the resorts of California the place is rapidly becoming joyfully known as a resort in which to escape summer heat as well as winter cold.

For the ambitious, there is much to do and much to see. One of the distinguishing charms of the place is the great variety of excursions offered. To the sea in a chain lying east and west are the islands of Santa Barbara Channel, San Miguel, Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz, the last the largest, the first accredited with being the burial place of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo on January 3, 1543, and the second famous for interesting discoveries among the midden heaps and buried hamlets of the aboriginal inhabitants. There are also two small islets named Anacapa. Santa Cruz, which maintains a flourishing vineyard, is the most visited and the launch trip of twenty odd miles across the smooth waters of the channel is made more interesting by the fishing. Barracuda, bonito and albicore literally swarm in mid-channel, with tuna on the seaward side. The island has many delightful coves and landing-places with little cañons running up to the tops of the cliffs, tree-shaded and with little silver streams trickling down them. The rocks are carved into arches, many of which are of enormous size. There are caves about which mysterious yarns of smuggled opium and Chinamen persistently cling, notably the Tres Bocas cave with its three exits and hanging rock curtains and the Painted cave with its vaulted entrance two hundred and fifty feet high, the rock of brilliant sulphur yellows and reds and the vaulted interior reaching back nearly a thousand feet to ledges and a tiny beach where sea-lions flop from their lounging-places in big-eyed resentment. This is really a wonderful place, with waters of ultramarine and seals playing the role of the diving boys at Capri. The tourist need not fear seasickness as, though the caverns have been carved by thundering waves, the channel is ordinarily so calm as to be the chosen place for speed trials of Uncle Samuel's warships when launched from the ways at San Francisco.

The cliff drive and the sand beaches have already been mentioned. Onto the beaches, as at Hope Ranch, debouche cañons where the oaks that hang above the streams are hung with Spanish moss and bearded like the pard. Great places these for barbecues and bouillabaisses.

Up beyond the mission lies the Mission Cañon and the Mountain Boulevard. The cañon paths lead by flower-strewn mesa and tangle of underwood, by shadow of oak and sycamore and pine, up to the high ridge of the mountains at La Cumbre, with wondrous views of wrinkly sea, spread like a blue sash between the city and the islands, on the one hand, and mountain pass and ridge and valley on the other. There are two trails, one winding along the mountain side, the other following the mission stream with plashings through cool pools and swift canters over grassy meadows.

The mountain boulevard overlooks the town and runs by Montecito, where amid groves of orange and lemon, folk possessing that double blessing of wealth and imagination have laid out Italian gardens with pools and fountains and cypresses, with stately flower-beds and with nooks exuberant with blossoming. Persian gardens are here, with colonnades and fountains where surely the bulbul makes music by moonlight, gardens of Granada, gardens of Japan, Moorish gardens; the gardens of those who had all the world to choose from and brought their fancies here to the Land of Dreams Come True. But, with all its lavishness, Santa Barbara is not autocratic, the butterflies and humming-birds visit the garden of the poorer man as readily as that of the rich, knowing that in both they will find honey to their taste. Money has little to do with the glories of gardening hereabout as compared with climate.

While many of these beautiful places are those of the purely leisure class, yet many of them might be termed villa ranches where beauty combines with profit. Some raise fruit, others palms, while some breed polo ponies. Santa Barbara is a great center for polo matches and has good grounds near the Potter Hotel, besides those at the Potter Country Club.

By the sea is Miramar, a place of summer cottages smothered in bloom. There is a cozy hotel here and a convenient bathing beach.

A few miles south from Santa Barbara, at Summerland, a colony of oil derricks wades out far to sea, their pipes boring through to the oil strata and almost mixing oil and water. Summerland used to be a resort place, but commercialism has usurped the domains of the tourist. Carpinteria is an old Spanish settlement in the land of the fig, the vine, the olive and the orange and, in these latter days, the guava and the banana. Here is the largest grapevine in the world, sixty-five years old and nine feet in base circumference. Its record vintage year was 1896, when it bore ten tons of grapes. Six miles from Carpinteria is Stanley Park, by Rincon Creek, with its pools shaded by sycamores and mistletoe nested oaks. Here in the mountains is a tavern with cottages and tents that make up a favorite pleasure-place. It is on the United States forest reserve and all about it are fine trails leading through the mountains. The fishing and hunting is good and there are hot and cold sulphur springs.

From Carpinteria the mountain wall recedes somewhat from the coast and on the broad levels grow great fields of beans. Among them is Ventura, a charming seaside town with, in the center of the busy place, the mission San Buena Ventura, founded in 1782. It was a flourishing mission, with larger herds and greater grain-fields than any of the others and possessing a vast wealth of orchards and gardens. Close by the mission are two tall palms preserved by the native daughters of the state. These were planted by the early padres and once stood on mission soil. They are said to be the oldest, if not the tallest, palms in California, outside, of course, of the trees in Palm Cañon at Palm Springs.

From Ventura runs a branch line up into the famous Ojai Valley to Nordhoff, named after the Russian traveler and writer who vaunted the charms of this sunny vale with its flowery meads, its brooks and winding ways overarched by sycamore and oak, festooned by wild grapevines and clambering ivy. The way lies through Casitas Pass and is accessible to motor-cars. The vale is a beautiful natural park with an unusually large variety of wild-flowers. It is encompassed by the mountains and has a climate that is ideal. There are hot springs here and good accommodations of hotel and cottage resorts. Good fishing and hunting is here but the quiet charm of the spot, 1100 feet above the sea, which is fifteen miles away, the sylvan beauty of the place, the equable temperature, all stamp it as a rest-place, and for those who want a by-place away from the strenuosity of life, the Ojai Valley is a very pleasant harborage in which to refit. Ojai is an Indian word signifying "nest."

Three miles from Nordhoff are Wheeler's Hot Springs, in a cañon named Matilija. Here too are the Matilija Hot Springs. Hot waters gush beside the banks of a crystal trout stream; there are all accommodations of hotel and bathing facilities at both places, which are in extremely picturesque environment in the heart of the United States Pine Mountain Reserve. Ojai Valley people share sea bathing with the Ventura folk on a very good beach.

From Montalvo the old line ran through the Fernando Valley, joining the new route at Burbank. Along this branch is Camulos, the setting for much of Ramona, where the old house with its placita, its shady galleries and veranda, the stream of the sheep shearing, the olive presses and the big stone storehouses are still, as in the days of Helen Hunt Jackson's romance.

The mission of San Fernando de España is near the flourishing little town of Fernando and is in plain sight from the train. The Landmarks club has done something to preserve the beautiful old cloisters, but much of it has crumbled; the fountain has mingled with the dust, the great church is used as a barn, Japanese fruit-pickers occupy the cells of the padres, who themselves are sleeping in a cemetery behind the church, their graves overgrown with wild mustard and shaded by olives planted by them a century and a quarter ago. The buildings that are left are nevertheless more than interesting, the monastery with its tiled corridor looking through fine designed arches to the ruins of the original plaza, still being in fair repair, through the efforts of the landmarks people. Out on the plain stand two fine palms, once, as at San Buena Ventura, on the mission lands, which at one time stretched to and included the rancho of Camulos. The mission was dedicated to Fernando III, King of Spain, and was founded in September, 1787.

The new line runs by Oxnard, which is the center of a great sugar-beet country and has one of the largest beet-sugar factories in America, open to the public, an interesting place to visit, and capable of crushing two thousand tons of beets a day. Oxnard ties up with the beach by a thirty-minute drive over a fine avenue. Los Angeles is reached from Oxnard through the tunnel of Chatsworth Park, an agricultural region that is still parklike with the fine oaks that stand about the landscape in dignified groups. The rocks by the tunnel are of interesting formation. From Burbank through Tropico to the southern metropolis the train passes strawberry fields and orchards, all sorts of good things to eat in full view, including a great squab farm of little, luscious squabs which in blissful ignorance of their fate enjoy life in great aviaries close to the railroad and are not even disturbed by the passing train.

Los Angeles and Roundabout

The Inside Track

In the year 1822 the first American visited Los Angeles, then a Mexican pueblo, now a city of over three hundred thousand and the gathering place of thousands of tourists. Today the stranger is made welcome in emphatic fashion; in 1822 the unfortunate American was brought in by the Mexicans as a prisoner. In 1846, on August 13th, Major Fremont raised at Los Angeles the stars and stripes, his headquarters being still in existence. In 1885 it was still but an adobe village, of a little over eleven thousand souls. Twenty years ago its streets were unpaved and the cowboy spurring down Main Street raised clouds of dust. Today it is a city of great business interests, with four hundred miles of paved and graded streets, a place of fine hotels, of beautiful parks and magnificent residences, raised from a desert slumber to occupy a reigning position amid American cities that stand for pleasure as well as successful commercialism.

Climate did it, a climate peculiar to the place. The city is some eighteen

Broadway, Los Angeles, main thoroughfare of the flourishing city.

miles from the ocean and the trade-winds are tempered by the distance while they cool and freshen the city continually. About it a range of mountains from five to ten thousand feet high shelters the place from the rude trespass of northern winds. It is a climate that produces hedges of calla lilies at Christmas, that covers the sides of houses with jasmine, heliotrope and tuberose, that cherishes roses of a thousand varieties and permits the growth of giant bananas and date and fan-palms.

Los Angeles (harden the soft sound of "g" and pronounce your "e's" as "a's" to be correct) was founded in accordance with the plans of Spain to Christianize and civilize and colonize (the three "C's" of Hispaniolan progress) the Indians of California. San Gabriel Mission, founded in 1771, close by, of which more later, was the rendezvous of the colonizing expeditions and the center of a missionary "circuit," formed by the founding of small pueblos, at which were built as soon as possible, *asistencias*, or chapels. Los Angeles was thus founded in 1781 and in December, 1822, the chapel formally dedicated, which is still standing in excellent condition and is known as the "Plaza Church," or "Our Lady of the Angels." Its full title is blazoned on its facade, "*Nuestra Senora, Reina de los Angeles*"—Our Lady, Queen of the Angels. Its position marks the center of the old village at its square or plaza, pleasant today with a palm-set parklet in which a tiny fountain tinkles.

So much for ancient history. It is the Los Angeles of today that attracts the tourist to this city that so fully answers the questions of pleasure-seekers that it might be styled the City of Where to Go and What to Do. It is the southern terminal of the Road of a Thousand Wonders, which starts at Portland and has San Francisco at its center. Yet Los Angeles is anything but a terminal city, as through it swings the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific, from New York and New Orleans, tying up the big cities of the middle West, the East and the South and skirting the borders of Mexico on its way to California—an ideal route for winter traveling. By it come not only easterners, escaping winter cold and summer heat, but thousands from Arizona, Nevada and the Southwest, in search of cool comfort. The coast line of the Southern Pacific also extends southward beyond Los Angeles, San Diego way.

The tourist can choose the mode of living best suited to his tastes and income. There are luxuriant hotels, the equal of those of any cosmopolitan city, such as the Alexandria, the Van Nuys, the Angelus, the Lankershim, the Westminster and the Virginia, besides many others for less pretentious folk.

Amusement is everywhere provided for. There are fourteen theaters and many amusement parks besides sixteen public parks that occupy nearly six thousand acres with lakes and lawns, trees and flower-beds. The stores are wonderfully inviting; not the most fastidious can cavil at variety or quality, for the merchants cater to a wealthy clientele. Incidentally the assessed valuation of Los Angeles County today is more than five millions greater than the Illinois County of Cook in which is Chicago—$585,000,000 in all.

On the hills of the northern and western suburbs, considerable altitudes are reached with glorious views of surrounding valleys with the ocean in the distance, framed by the mountains. The southern and southwestern portions of the city are level, with, across the river, Boyle Heights, a lofty gravel mesa. Los Angeles is justly proud of its parks, six of which, within the city limits, are of considerable

Two of Los Angeles' hotels—Van Nuys and Alexandria

size. Westlake Park is a popular pleasure-place for all ages, with its fine drives and views, its lake with its sailing and boating, its aviary and menagerie. East Los Angeles has Eastlake Park, also with a lake, the park nurseries and a zoo. These are the two most popular parks and on music days great crowds gather within sound distance of the band-stands. Prospect Park, across the river, is smaller but beautiful, with trees and shrubbery. Hollenbeck, near by, is shady with trees that bend above a lake. The largest lake of all is in Echo Park, in the northwestern part of the city, a particularly charming spot. Quite close to the business center is Central Park, on Sixth Street, where the trees have attained a large growth. Elysian Park is five hundred acres in extent and has marvelous opportunities in the way of soil and location for great diversities of growth. Here, as at Griffith Park, three thousand acres of land donated to the city and a mile north of it are views of mountain, valley and ocean, orchard checkered plain and smiling city, that are sublime.

One of the things to do here is to visit the Ostrich Farm, which is not a mere excuse for buying plumes, though often made one. The long-legged, long-necked but short-tempered birds are amusingly interesting. They balance about on springy toes like dancers in some weird ballet and seem particularly fond of hats. The Ostrich Farm, out by South Pasadena, is in a beautiful semi-tropical park, which has a Japanese Tea-Garden among its attractions.

Excursions from Los Angeles may be divided into three groups: those to the seaward suburbs, those among the orange groves and cities of the orange belt and the jaunts to the mountains. All of these are easily accomplished. The most important of the mountain trips is the one that leads to the summit of Mount Lowe, the bald top of which rises sixty-one hundred feet above the sea.

The road runs straight toward the mountains, passing through Pasadena, one of the immediate residence suburbs of the city, and approaches the apparently solid ramparts of the mountain wall, up to the extreme base of which grow the orange and lemon orchards surrounding beautiful homes. The mountain wall opens and the way leads up Rubio Cañon, a wild gorge extending far back into the mountain and a favorite picnic ground. The cable-road starts from here at the foot of Echo Mountain and begins a breath-catching but perfectly safe haul skyward. From the cable the passengers again change to an electric trolley, which forthwith whirls lightly around curves, above yawning precipices, across bridges swung above chasms and along scaffoldings built out from the mountain side and overhanging space. The road ends at Alpine Tavern in a forest of great pines and oaks at the head of a cañon. Charmingly fitting its surroundings, it is built of the granite and pine that encircle it and is in all respects a first-class hostelry. A mountain stream is close at hand and there are many miles of trailing for summer visitors. There are tents too amid the trees, and the place, with its superb views of range after range of mountains and wild scenery; seems far remote from the fertile valleys which lie between it and the blue, far-stretching sea. Yet it is only two hours' ride from Los Angeles and in actual communication with that city by telephone. One of the marvels of the trip is the view from Inspiration Point at night, preferably at moonlight. Gazing from the verge of a dizzy cliff stars seem to have fallen as miles and miles of electric lights twinkle far below. Altadena and Pasadena glitter, with the Raymond Hotel ablaze upon its knoll and Los Angeles stretching out in magnificent distances radiating in brilliant rays

In Orange Land—A typical view as seen from the Inside Track.

of light toward the sea. A wonderful sight, never to be forgotten. The actual summit of Mount Lowe is reached by trail.

Another trolley journey leads to Sierra Madre, at the foot of the Mount Wilson trail. Here pack-animals wait to carry you through eight miles of mountain wilderness to a colony of hotel and summer camps at the summit. In San Gabriel Cañon there are forty miles of trails leading by shady grove and sparkling brook to the secret places of the mountains. Many camps are maintained here in the summer, all with their coterie of nature-lovers, artists and sportsmen. Electric cars run to Azusa, from which place stage connections are made with the various camps. A popular and novel resort is the quaint old Spanish restaurant, an adobe building amongst trees and flowers, called Casa Verdugo. This is on the Glendale line of the electrics, a ride of much beauty. Casa Verdugo takes half an hour to reach and the reward in the shape of luncheon or dinner, simple or elaborate, is great. There is a restaurant at the Halfway House on the interurban line close to San Pedro, that, with due notice, will serve an Italian dinner amid Bohemian surroundings, that is, from the Italian standpoint, gustatory perfection. The electric lines run to Santa Monica, to Redondo, to Newport, Pasadena, Altadena, Santa Ana, Whittier, Glendale, Monrovia, Covina, Glendora, San Gabriel, Alhambra and San Pedro, the latter a Southern Pacific terminal and the starting-place for Catalina Island.

The towns of the Orange Belt, stretching westward from Los Angeles, are best reached by a trip on the famous "Inside Track Flyer" of the Southern Pacific from Arcade Station, which runs through the great flower and fruit garden of southern California, a day's trip, if you are pressed for time, of one hundred and fifty miles through a land of olive and vine and orange, a valley steeped in sunshine that not so long ago was reflected from an arid desert—a section of this region to which one should devote a month instead of a day.

The way lies through the San Gabriel Valley, a Paradise reclaimed; through the Pomona Valley and across the broad sweep of the vale of San Bernardino, practically all one great valley bounded by the mighty walls of the San Bernardino and San Gabriel ranges; whose crests gleam always with the silver of perpetual snow, silver that is transmuted into the golden fruit that ripens far below it. It is three miles here from oranges to snow and, in midwinter, the resident may pluck his fruit and roses in the warm glow of the sun and, looking upward, see snow squalls and storms raging amid the crests. The big valley of San Gabriel, ten miles by seventy, is perfectly level and its shifting panorama is wonderful in its display of color.

Taking the trip around the "Inside Track," Dolgeville, junction point for Pasadena, is quickly reached. Pasadena itself is but half a dozen miles away and can be conveniently reached by several daily trains, though generally it is visited independently of the Inside Track by steam or electric lines from Los Angeles. Pasadena as a residence city has almost reached the ideal, typifying the wishes of a refined leisure class seeking winter homes. Thirty years ago it was a sheep pasture; today one of its famous streets is lined for a mile with stately fan-palms. Everywhere are residences set in miniature parks where, besides the roses, the heliotropes and flowers of temperate zones; are many tropical growths. These gardens are shaded by date and sago-palms, bananas, camphor-trees, pomegranate and pepper, orange and lemon and fig. Alligator-pears ripen their fruit

The court of the new Glenwood, California's famous Mission Inn.

successfully; there is hardly a limit to which horticultural possibilities cannot attain. The social life is all that could be expected of a place of such wealth and convenience. There are many organizations of literary and social character; the public buildings of church and school are notable for their architectural beauty, the library being particularly classic. The whole city is embowered in verdure and avenues that do not belie their name run everywhere. The drives through orchards, by beautiful homes, to the lower levels of the Arroyo Seco, up into the wrinkled cañons or across the valley; offer a never-tiring, ever-changing zest to life hereabout. The hotels of Pasadena are world famous; the Green, the Raymond and the Maryland all have achieved the approval of the most exacting, the widest traveled tourists. When in the North and the East the skies are gray, slush is underfoot, cold winds penetrate through wool and fur, when often the air is awhirl with stinging, frozen snow; just about then, in Pasadena or in Los Angeles, the streets are gay with bunting beneath a cloudless, sunny sky and in a long procession the spirit of Flora moves abroad. Here are carnivals of bloom, carriages are turned to fairy vehicles by the blossoms that cover them.

Another little home community is passed at Alhambra and then the stone walls of the Mission San Gabriel Arcangel are seen close beside the train, so close indeed that successful photographs of the famous belfry and the picturesquely buttressed walls may be taken from the observation platform. This was the fourth mission and was founded in 1771.

Pomona is a pretty city of several thousands close by the train, with many square miles of orchards and parked residences. Ontario with fine avenues, including the famous boulevard of Euclid Avenue, two hundred feet wide, is a beautiful place. The big avenue is divided by trees into two driveways and the trackways of an electric road that rise to the foot of the mountains. Close to Ontario comes a great sugar-beet section centering in Chino and here, by Cucamonga, wines produced from the grapes of the region were famous thirty-five years ago. The train intersects one single vineyard of four thousand acres. Raisin vineyards and orange growing colonies lead on past Highgrove, Bloomington and Colton. Beyond Bloomington rises Slover Mountain, a solid marble monument rising solitary from the floor of the valley. From Colton the track turns southward to Riverside, not only a great orange growing colony but a model municipality covering some sixty square miles and with a wealth per capita higher than that of any other American city. Here is the most unique, perhaps, since Baedeker honors it with two stars, the most famous hotel of California; the New Glenwood, colloquially known as the Mission Hotel, from its architecture at once so typical and suitable to its locale. Here heavy doors set with hinge and latch of wrought-iron, close upon guests who are called to meals by the chimes of mission bells as the monks were summoned to matins, and the roof of the old building is tiled with moss-grown century-old tiles from the old Palo rancheria at Temecula, known to all readers of Ramona. Within the mission effect has been carried out in the highest artistry, with unobtrusive comfort, leaving the old design of things and enhancing its beauty. About the house are gardens of semitropic growth with colonnades of graceful arches, with paved walks and wells and bells and constant reminiscences of an old world atmosphere in which, it must be confessed, the intrusion of modern chefs and up-to-date hotel service obtrudes not at all. A wonderful place the New Glenwood, to stay at which means for future times a distinct experience and a pleasant memory

At the summit of the Rubidoux—Drive overlooking one of the most beautiful panoramas in the world.

that will need no effort to recall. At Riverside is Magnolia Avenue, where pepper-trees, graceful in their drooping green, beautiful with their long strings of coral berries; shade, with stately eucalyptus, fifteen miles of double driveway. Sidewalks flank the avenue, all set with palms, and here and there are groups of glossy-leaved magnolias, with the big white scented blossoms. There is a deservedly famous drive over the best of roads that climbs to the top of Rubidoux Mountain, unfolding an enchanting panorama all the way, which is one of the most interesting of journeys in all this region.

Beyond Riverside, on a slope that looks northward across the San Bernardino Valley, is the well-known sanitarium of Loma Linda, the "Hill Beautiful," as the Spanish has it. Orange groves and flower-gardens surround it and its equipment for the care of the sick is excellent. Its delightful situation furnishes in itself one of the chief aids to the ill—the desire to get well.

There are many fine mountains rising to nearly twelve thousand feet and many of them covered with perpetual snow—an impressive view from here. Mounts Lowe and Wilson from their comparatively lowly standing look up to Mount San Antonio, 10,080 feet; Mount San Bernardino, 10,630 feet; Mount San Gorgonio, 11,485 feet; and Mount San Jacinto, 10,805 feet. At the foot of Mount San Bernardino is the beautiful city of Redlands—the place of magnificent distances—and the chosen home of many wealthy eastern people. To all intents and purposes it is a city set in a great park of some twelve thousand acres of orange groves and about a thousand acres of flowers.

Smiley Heights is practically a park with graded roads and stone walls about and above which is a bewilderment of flowers, vines and trees. Two hundred acres of flower-gardens there are with a thousand varieties of tree and shrubbery. Driveways lead to prospects of enchantment, lakes gleam beneath terraces, the air is redolent with bloom. The hill is opulent with palms and graceful growths, with velvet lawns, with an indescribable radiance of flowers. It is ideal.

There are a number of excellent hotels at Redlands, prominent being the Casa Loma, which is connected with Smiley Heights and an attractive country club in the foothills, by an electric line. There is also a University Club, a Contemporary Club for the fairer sex and a good opera-house. A fine building is the Smiley Public Library of mission architecture, established in a park by Mr. A. K. Smiley as a gift to the city. Carriages meet the Inside Track Flyer and the drive about the city should not be foregone. From Redlands there are many fine mountain trips.

From Colton, or from Redlands, branches run to San Bernardino, commercial center for the whole San Bernardino Valley, and its wealth of orchards, mines and mineral springs. Near here are the Arrowhead, Harlem, Urbita and other hot springs, making it a health resort.

The way to Los Angeles is varied on returning by way of Lordsburg, a prosperous Dunkard settlement, San Dimas, where waterfalls combine with citrus groves to make it a scenic place, and Covina, where the oranges almost nod in at open car windows. So; through Vineland and Irwindale; Los Angeles is once more reached. The trip is the pleasant journey of a day, but its possibilities hold the desire of years and the achievements of a lifetime.

Southeastward from Los Angeles along the Sunset Route the traveler finds much of interest in California. Palm Springs and Indio, oases of the desert, the former a sanitarium by a hot mineral spring, the latter a created garden nourished by

The Town of Avalon, on the Island of Catalina; the mountain crest rising from sapphire seas.

artesian wells that tap a subterranean river and a place much frequented by those with pulmonary complaints. The train runs by Salton Sea, the bottom of a sea that was. Today it has been reformed by a break in the Colorado River that has been controlled by mighty levees but left the lake. There are fish here used to tourist travel, for they are regularly fed from the trains. The Imperial Valley itself, where the chained Colorado works in long ditches for the common good, is most interesting to travel through. Here literally the desert has been made to blossom as the rose. Imperial Valley cantaloupes are well known in New York.

San Pedro to San Diego and Coronado

Catalina Island and the Seaward Suburbs of Los Angeles

The seaward suburbs of Los Angeles are many and all enjoyable. Most of them are reached by trolley; all of them have firm, wide beaches. One of them, absolutely distinct from everything else on the coast, or on any coast, is reached by steamer. It is the magic isle of Catalina, a name to conjure with. Here is an island autocracy, a place of delights for the many, an angler's shrine, a pleasure-seeker's beau-ideal, the joy of the biologist and conchologist who finds rare treasures in the crystal waters that surround the peak that has been turned into a great pleasure-garden. It is twenty-five miles from the mainland and looks from the heights as if it were two islands, though in reality an isthmus unites the crests. Santa Catalina is reached by trolley to San Pedro and thence steamer. San Pedro itself, now a part of Los Angeles, is some twenty-four miles from the city proper. The steamer makes daily trips and it must be admitted that the channel is not so peaceful always as that of Santa Barbara, but the avowals of those who declare they are in no hurry to return must be set down to the charms of the place which amply repay any slight tribute to Neptune. At San Pedro gigantic harbor development is going on, the government breakwater rising sixty-four feet from the bottom, with a base of 190 feet and a length of 800. Here big freighters come and go from ports of the Pacific and the Orient, and there is often a battleship, or perhaps a squadron, within the shelter of the wall. San Pedro is all ready for the opening of the Panama Canal and the establishment of a Pacific Coast Fleet of Defense. The lighthouse at Point Firmin is worth a visit. Terminal Island is a quiet little haven of rest and pleasure with good bathing, boating and fishing. San Pedro itself is rapidly growing and already shows the effects of the improvements.

The Island of Catalina

But to ship. Let us board the steamer for Catalina. The trip from Los Angeles occupies in all but a little over two hours and a half, the steamer traveling as fast as the trolley. The little island kingdom has so many phases of attractiveness that it holds particular charms for many classes of visitors. The Prince of Monaco would revel in aquarium possibilities; mighty anglers from all over the world, conquerors of mahseer and tarpon and mighty salmon, come here to take up the chal-

A typical view of Venice, with the good ship-hotel Cabrillo at the wharf.

lenge of the king of all fishes, the leaping tuna; and get worsted oftener than they best the gamest fish that swims.

The principal hotel is the Metropole, but there are several others beside boarding-houses, tent cities and restaurants galore. The tent communities have macadamized streets and are tree-shaded. There are nightly concerts in a fine pavilion, there are dancing, a skating-rink and illuminations, all the material things that surround a summer holiday.

Indisputably, however, the natural charms are the greatest. A trip to the marine gardens in the glass-bottomed steamer is the one thing that must not be missed and this should be prefaced by a visit to the aquarium, where such of the native life of the waters as will bear transplanting is tanked. The little side-wheel steamer has casements with glass floors that reach below the surface so that one views at one's ease the life beneath the waves.

At the embarking place the clean bottom slopes blank beneath the pale green of the water, but the enchanted gardens are close at hand. They are bordered by the kelp forests, long amber streamers waving in the currents, some of them a hundred feet in length. The great stalks have green, membraneous leaves not unlike tobacco leaves in shape, which are gathered and dried for the iodine they contain. Shoal after shoal of little blue fish, in the cobalt water which deepens in hue as we reach the depths, dart and hover in the kelp glades, looking as if they were stained with the element in which they disport. Goldfish, glittering golden perch and black perch, saddled with two white spots, are equally numerous. The Sheepshead, all agrin within their lipless mouths, glide over sponge and coral mosses of brown and pink and lavender. Sea-cucumbers and sea-urchins, starfish on sandy clearings, grassy sea-weeds and others like ferns, all tinged with blue, and everywhere blue fish, millions of them aligned in armies, advancing, wheeling in perfect precision.

Then come regiment after regiment of silvery sardines, whose only defense is swiftness, and after them in yet more speedy pursuit, barracuda, yellowtail and, ranging heavily amid the halls of the thickest kelp, great black-bass, two, three, five hundred pounds in weight.

Catalina is owned by a company which controls all rights, including those of landing. Cabrillo discovered the island in 1542, but he was not the first to land. Here on this peak that lifts twenty-five hundred feet from the waves and holds forty thousand acres of soil, relics of men belonging to the stone age have been found, presenting a nice little problem as to how they got there, and how the latter-day Indians crossed the channel from the mainland.

The golf links have a good clubhouse and privileges are extended. The links are eminently playable and from every tee there is a distracting view that may well excuse a faulty drive. Goat hunting, whether crowned by success or not, holds strong incentive in the clamber over the ravines, now verdant, now barren, with always a view at resting-places that effectually removes that tired feeling and urges to further effort. There are agates and chalcedony on the beaches that make up into charming ornaments and all the shore line holds rich treasure-trove of marine life and death. The bathing is delicious in these transparent waters and in the selected places, safe for all ages and degrees of natatory skill.

The mainland sea suburbs of Los Angeles are alike in one or two respects, those of sandy beach and placid sea and each has its amusement pier, but varying

shore surroundings and the ingenuity of designers of towns and buildings have given them marked individualities. They lie north and south of San Pedro and Point Firmin in the following order. At the top Santa Monica, then Ocean Park, Venice, Playa del Rey and Redondo, with, south of San Pedro, Long Beach, Naples and Newport, besides others of less prominence. All are reached by trolley-car and none of them more than twenty miles of swift riding from Los Angeles.

Santa Monica has been for many years the queen of southern Californian seaside resorts. Its town is spread out upon an upland and has broad streets canopied by boughs. Its homes are made charming by flower-gardens. Westward it peers through a grove of trees at the ocean, about it is a country of orchards and fields and green dells that swell to purple mountains. From the bluff one gazes at a fine beach upon which seethes the gentle surf of pellucid waters. There is a long pier from which the fishing is excellent, a luxuriant hotel with roses clambering about it from daisy-studded lawns, and a splendid bath-house with a great cement plunge and all kinds of hot-water baths on tap. In the Santa Monica Mountains there is good shooting of fur and feather with many delightful trails. Not far from Santa Monica is Port Los Angeles, where a sinuous pier curves seaward for over a mile. Ocean Park, an offshoot of Santa Monica, is a favorite place for those who labor by day in the city and take their pleasure by the sounding sea. Here too is a fine bathing pavilion that cost over $150,000, a pier flanked by a big auditorium and dancing pavilion.

Venice, just thirty minutes from Los Angeles, is modeled on the lines of its Adriatic namesake. Broad canals run beside its street, there are gondolas to glide in and much of the principal architecture reminds one of the arcades of the square of Saint Marks. Graceful bridges span the canals and many of the latter are bordered with the brilliant bloom of the amethyst Sea-moss. There is a ship hotel, the Cabrillo, modeled in the shape of a galleon of Old Spain, apparently moored to the wharf. At the end of Windward Avenue, built around a broad basin, is a Midway with buildings topped by minarets, pinnacles and towers. Here are amusements on the Coney Island order for the light hearted. There is an excellent aquarium, with many things that crawl and swim, beautiful and hideous. Here is the octopus, the devil-crab, sharks, a brilliant array of fish from Catalina, sea-hares, looking like unclad snails; flowering anemones and many varieties of fish that exist through protective imitation, such as the mottled and knobby sculpins and the kelp fish. One can easily spend a day in the aquarium and a very creditable museum of Indian work and relics of the cliff-dwellers. At Venice is a colony of cottages of summer residents and many beautiful homes while, aside from the hotels, a tent city provides for the casual visitor. There is a fine natatorium with the novel feature of a plate-glass front, through which promenaders may observe the antics of the swimmers in this human aquarium. Altogether Venice is uniquely delightful, a place for one's lighter moods, designed effectively for enjoyment.

Playa del Rey is the next link in the chain of the beaches, two miles distant from Venice, across lowlands where placid pools and inlets, flower-bordered, reflect the sky. An exquisite glimpse of Venice lying enchanted in the distance, like an etching, may be seen from here.

Redondo has the largest warm salt-water plunge in the world and the largest dancing pavilion in the state. It is a city of nearly four thousand and has many

beautiful residences and gardens. It has a commercial side, for it is an important seaport of the lumber interests and a supply port for the Standard Oil Company. There are mills and car-shops, but this is but one side of the place. Other commercialism is pleasingly expressed in the acres of sweet peas and carnations, strawberries and oranges and lemons and walnuts that are grown for profit. Redondo is famous for its gardens, not only of its homes, but for public uses. On the bluff is a park of which the banks are ablaze with the amethyst Sea-moss and the grounds of the fine Hotel Redondo are elaborately laid out with all the luxuriance of semi-tropical plants and trees and flowers that the climate permits so willingly. Back of the hotel the Esplanade runs between stately houses that rise behind lawns and flower-beds. The air is heavy with fragrance, through which steals the uplifting tang of the sea-breeze.

The amusement buildings are of unusual style, the auditorium of mission architecture, with arcades along its front and the Casino suggesting with its quaint dormer-windows and chimney above the sloping roof, an old-fashioned English inn. There is the universal plunge and of course a pier. The sea brings up from Neptune's treasure-boxes an assortment of jasper, onyx, chalcedony and beach opals, carnelian and sardonyx and moonstones that is perpetually renewed despite the frantic efforts of visitors to despoil it. Many of these fragments are of fairly regular shape and need no lapidary. Some of the moonstones have a smoldering fire within their hearts and are very beautiful. To those who would possess without search, the stores hold choice specimens. Moonstone Beach they call the place, and there is no moonshine about the jewels. It is a real Tom Tiddlers ground, an Aladdin's beach.

Below San Pedro, in a landlocked bay, is Long Beach, built upon both beach and cliffs. It is a thriving home-place of some twenty thousand people and extends far back from the sea margin. It is renowned as a resort for health as well as recreation. It has fine hotels, notably the Hotel Virginia, which ranks with the big hotels of Pasadena. The situation is ideal for a seaside town, the beach being broad and level. There is a fine beach drive ten miles long, and for seven miles along the city front four lines of breakers thunder on the beach, the big combers terracing up back of the foaming shore surf until the horizon is hidden from view. Out and beyond the surf runs a great double-decked pier with sun-parlors and promenade walk on the upper tier, which is on a level with and starts from Pine Avenue, the principal thoroughfare of the town. The end of the pier on the lower deck is always thronged with anglers and from here leave the launches and pleasure-craft. Beyond the breakers the sea is usually calm and in the deeper waters catches of tuna, jew fish and enormous sea-bass are frequent. Long Beach is a favorite convention city and has a large auditorium. Close to this building is the "Pike," a typical pleasure resort arcade, similar to that of Venice. The bathing being particularly inviting, there are unusual facilities in connection with the fine bath-house. The surf bathers are always under the guard of energetic lifesavers, who have special devices enabling them to effectually patrol the water. Up from high-water mark is a cemented walk two miles in length paralleling the surf and at night, when the band plays, it lives up to its title of "The Walk of a Thousand Lights." Along the heights stretches a long succession of gardens fronting fine homes. The city itself has broad paved streets, with substantial buildings and all modern improvements.

The luxuriant Hotel Virginia, at Long Beach, overlooks the surf-swept strand.

Naples, like Venice, is a place of waterways, walled with cement, from which stairways at frequent intervals lead to broad walks above. The colony established here builds under restrictions that trend toward agreeable color and architectural scheme. There is a good hotel and a pavilion that is modeled in substantial style in copy of the Palace of the Doges. At Alamitos, a close neighbor, is a scattered colony of cottages about a pavilion and pier. Huntington Beach is still another colony and then comes Newport, into which has been merged Balboa. It is an incorporated city of the sixth class, with most of its homes on a tongue of land that stretches between Newport Bay and the ocean. Newport Bay gives the place a decided individuality.

Below these pleasure-places the coast makes a long curve to the south and east toward San Diego, a city of cordial invitation and fulfilled promises to the tourist. It is a city of steady growth, a modern city in every sense of the word, with many excellent hotels, headed by the magnificent U. S. Grant Hotel, aside from the famous Coronado Hotel, largest of all those that keep open house the year round and the equal in comfort and cuisine of any tourist hotel in the world. Its patio, glowing with vines and flower-beds, is the size of a city square and the entire plan of the place is one of luxuriant ease and spaciousness. It is on a peninsula of its own, where there is also a tent city. To Coronado come annually enthusiasts of polo, golf and tennis to participate in tournaments that are often of international interest. At San Diego is a prosperous rowing club and the yachting squadron dots the bay with shining sails the year round.

The Mexican line is fifteen miles from San Diego and many take the trip and across the border, where bullfights and horseracing are occasionally provided. The border town is Tia Juana. San Diego is a little over one hundred and fifty-six miles south of Los Angeles.

There is an infinite variety of places to visit and things to do. Three missions are at hand. The Mission San Diego, first of all Californian missions, was founded in July, 1769, by Father Junipero Serra. It stands at Old Town in a fair state of preservation and at the end of an easy drive from San Diego.

San Juan Capistrano is sixty miles south of Los Angeles and should be visited on the trip between San Diego and that city. Its founding was delayed by the Indian troubles and it was not until 1776 that its bells that had been buried for safety finally chimed its establishment. It was built of stone in the shape of a cross ninety by one hundred and eighty feet, with a lofty tower 125 feet high above its facade. It is estimated that today it could not be duplicated for less than $100,000. There was much exquisite carving of arch and altar and font, the altar and sacristy had groined ceilings supported by beautiful arches. Today some restoration has been attempted and the disconnected walls and two domes that are still standing—there were originally seven of the latter—are pre-eminently picturesque. The railroad station is close to the massive ruins.

Mission San Luis Rey is still used for educational and religious purposes. Here the first baptisms in California were given. The main buildings are in fair repair and much of the interior is very beautiful in line and workmanship. Old illuminated manuscripts still lie on a great revolving music stand and the pulpit of Byzantine design holds its original place. Begun in 1798 by Father Lasuen, San Luis Rey de Francia stands eighty-five miles south of Los Angeles, four miles from Oceanside.

A far more modern temple is roofed beneath a lavender dome at Point Loma, next door to San Diego on a ridge that guards the bay. Here the theosophists under the sway of the "Purple Mother" hold their mysterious gatherings. The colony is open to the curious public and has much of interest. There is a big hotel of Moorish architecture for general use, a great theater has been erected in Hellenic fashion on the slopes of a gorge and here Greek plays are given in their native setting. The temple of Music is surmounted by a vast glass dome, encircled by a balcony for sightseeing, the grounds are pleasingly laid out and the tents of the colony conspicuously neat and spotless. Here are cared for many homeless orphans by the Point Loma Homestead, as the place is called.

Twelve miles from San Diego is La Jolla, where are the ten enchanted caves, vast vaults of sandstone, some of which are four hundred feet broad, two hundred feet high and run back under the hills from four to six hundred feet. The western cavern is easily accessible and has a dome-shaped roof, while the sandstone walls are stained with fantastic arabesques of mineral deposits. When the tide is up, the waves break far inside with the roar of heavy artillery. Many more of the rocks are wave carved in strange shapes such as Cathedral Rock, Alligator Rock and Seal Point. Gold Fish Point is named for the schools of golden perch that can be seen glittering among the kelp. The sea-mosses hereabout are particularly beautiful and many collections are made of them, their exquisite tintings remaining after they are dried. From the hotel is a special trip of four miles to the "Torrey Pines," the only grove of its kind in America, the way lying through a romantically picturesque valley.

Some California Spas

KLAMATH HOT SPRINGS, Siskiyou County, are on the banks of the Klamath River amid picturesque mountain scenery, at an elevation of 2,700 feet. Here are mud baths from a peat flat and hot mineral waters. Reached by stage from Ager on the Shasta Route of the Southern Pacific. It is well known as a pleasure resort.

TUSCAN SPRINGS, reached by stage from Red Bluff, Tehama County, 1,000 feet altitude, is open the year round. Here are fifty springs containing lithia, iodine, soda and potassium, that are famous in uric acid, stomach and catarrhal troubles. Expert attendants are at hand.

AETNA SPRINGS, in Napa County, are reached by auto-stage from Saint Helena on the railroad. Charmingly situated, the hotel buildings and bath-houses are well designed for comfortable convenience. The hot mineral springs are well known while the place, like all the springs in the north bay region, is much visited by those who seek recreation rather than health.

BOYES HOT SPRINGS overlooks the beautiful Sonoma Valley and is reached by stage from El Verano. There is a fine swimming tank besides the bath. The sulphur baths of AGUA CALIENTE and ELEDA at Agua Caliente on the railroad are well equipped. The GEYSER HOT SPRINGS, staged to from Healdsburg, are often visited for the natural wonders of the place, spouting jets of vapor and mineral waters in a weird inferno of volcanic rocks, aside from the curative value of the waters.

ADAMS SPRINGS, particularly famed for their successful coping with dyspepsia, liver and kidney trouble, are 3,300 feet up in Lake County, in the center of a pine forest. The stage runs to the spa from Calistoga on the Southern Pacific.

SEIGLER and HOWARD and HARBIN, all at about 2,000 feet elevation, have long been favorably known for their combined offering of health and pleasure; all are among the pine-clad hills of Lake County and reached by the stage from Calistoga.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS is on the main Valley Line of the Southern Pacific, sixty-eight miles from San Francisco. The waters are both cold and hot, alkaline and sulphurous, besides the famous "hot salt" spring and the peat mud from an inexhaustible supply through which hot soda flows. The bathing equipment is excellent, there is a resident physician on the premises with a corps of trained nurses, masseurs and attendants. The big hotel, of Moorish design, is well planned and managed with sunny rooms and wide verandas. The hospital is in a separate wing. All baths and treatment can be given beneath the same roof. For rheumatism, dyspepsia and organic troubles the waters have long had wide reputation, their analyses closely resembling those of Carlsbad. They have a temperature of 122 degrees. The hotel is set amid beautiful lawns, flower-bordered, palm-shaded and circled with trees. Near by are many places of interest and good roads by which to visit them.

GILROY HOT SPRINGS are reached by automobile from Gilroy, forty minutes' ride; from San Jose, two hours. Gilroy is on the Coast Line of the Southern Pacific. The waters are at an elevation of 1,240 feet, in the heart of the Mount Hamilton spur of the Coast Range, close by a stream amid beautiful surroundings. The springs were long used by the fathers of Santa Clara Mission and are deservedly popular today.

PARAISO HOT SPRINGS, in the Santa Lucia Mountains, at an elevation of 1,400 feet, are but seven miles from Soledad on the Coast Line. Auto-stages make the round trip in thirty minutes. Sheltered from the sea, the climate is mild and the hotel and bath buildings are in beautiful grounds amid orange groves and palms. Four springs, of iron, hot soda and hot sulphur, are here, with a large mineral plunge and private baths with attendants for both sexes. The springs were granted to the Mission La Soledad by Carlos IV of Spain in 1791, and the waters freely used by the padres. The ruins of the mission are close to Soledad. Twelve miles from Soledad are the wonderful Vancouver's Pinnacles, ten miles of volcanic mountains, cleft and riven in cliff and spire and cave, trees and flowers softening the weirdness of the place. The Pinnacles are more wonderful than the Garden of the Gods at Manitou, Colorado.

TASSAJARA SPRINGS are in the same coast mountain region as Paraiso, close to but sheltered from the coast in the Arroyo Seco. They are reached by a picturesque stage ride along the Carmel River from Salinas. The waters vary from cold to 150 degrees and closely approximate those of the Hot Springs of Arkansas. All buildings are of quarried stone.

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS is on the direct Coast Line midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles at the lower end of the Salinas Valley at a place called El Paso de Robles (the Pass of the Oaks). The surroundings are oak-covered hills that insure a delightful climate besides much natural beauty

of surroundings. The hotel, in park-like grounds, is first-class in every detail, with much regard for comfort and the out-of-doors possibilities of sunshine and mild weather. The elevation is 720 feet above the sea-level, twenty miles away. The great Kurhaus, where the baths are administered under skilled supervision, a building of marble and metal, tile and glass and porcelain, cost $100,000, and is unsurpassed anywhere in its equipment for hydrotherapeutic treatment. It is directly connected with the hotel buildings. The springs, sulphurous and alkaline, are of soda, iron, mud or moor, sulphur and lithia, ranging from 60 to 122 degrees Fahrenheit. Rheumatic and gouty affections, kidney and bladder troubles, heart disease, neurasthenia and digestive troubles are speedily relieved and cured. The corps of assistants is complete and competent. The country all about, excursions to the seacoast and Morro Rock, to the Mission San Miguel and the Rancho Santa Ysabel with its lake of mineral water, all make the place delightful.

SAN LUIS HOT SPRINGS are seven miles by stage from San Luis Obispo on the Main Line of the Southern Pacific. The hotel buildings are on a hillside overlooking a fertile valley through which flows a winding stream. The buildings are grouped about the springs amid oaks and sycamores. They are open the year round. The hotel and cottages are modern and the popularity of the waters has caused a recent addition to the main hotel of sixty guest rooms. Baths are given under physician's prescriptions by competent attendants and there are masseurs retained. The water temperature varies from 110 to 114 degrees. The baths are porcelain.

In the Ojai Valley region are the MATILIJA and WHEELERS HOT SPRINGS, about which have sprung up popular recreation places. Both are reached via the branch to Nordhoff from Ventura on the Coast Line. MATILIJA has its medicinal drinking waters and hot sulphur baths and both places are in charming mountain surroundings with good accommodations. Hunting and fishing is excellent.

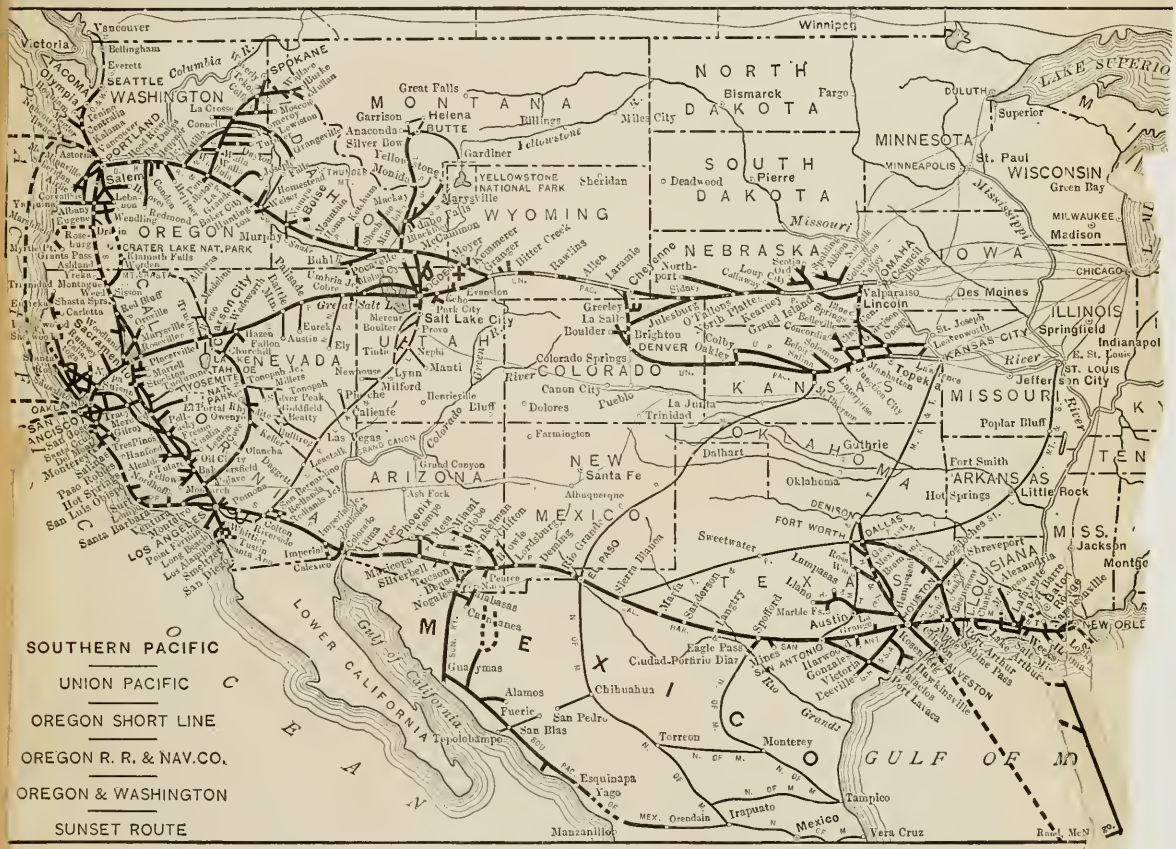
At WHEELERS there are "Bucket Springs" of sulphur, soda and iron at the door of the hotel, with a natural hot sulphur spring bubbling from the ground at a temperature of 102 degrees. The big cement plunge is 88 degrees.

THE ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS are in the San Bernardino Mountains at an elevation of 2,000 feet, surrounded by magnificent scenery. High above the thoroughly modern hotel is blazoned on the cliff the arrowhead which gives the waters their name. Here in an equable climate, comfortable the year round, are over thirty springs ranging from ice-cold to 196 degrees, administered under the superintendence of a resident physician. No tubercular patients are received. Electric car service runs directly from San Bernardino on the Inside Track of the Southern Pacific, starting from Los Angeles.

THE SAN JACINTO SPRINGS are within a few hours' ride of Los Angeles and can be reached from Beaumont on the Southern Pacific, a stage connecting. They are at an altitude of 2,100 feet, overlooking the beautiful San Jacinto Mountain Valley. There are daily mails and long-distance telephone. They are well equipped and were fitted up under expert supervision, with sanitary plumbing, cement, porcelain and wood baths, attendants and masseurs of both sexes. There are several springs—iron and arsenic, white sulphur and hot soda, black sulphur and tule mud, besides a stomach specific known as the Lime Water Spring.

WARNER HOT SPRINGS are reached by automobile from San Diego, and are on the direct itinerary of motor trips between that city and Los Angeles. They are on the slope of a southern chain of the San Jacinto Mountains at an elevation of 3,165 feet. Originally they were known as Agua Caliente (Hot Water), and their fame reaches far back into Indian legend. The waters come from a group of seven springs, the flow having a united temperature of 148 degrees.

PALM SPRINGS are in Riverside County on the Sunset Route, five miles from Palm Springs Station, a hundred miles from Los Angeles. It is an oasis of palms surrounding a mineral hot spring that has many curative properties. Here is a sanitarium with hotel and cottages under the supervision of a well-known physician.



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